

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. A U G U S T, 1850.

No. 2.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

WITHIN a short period of time, many of the important questions which perplexed the savant, and alarmed the theologian, have been settled. Phenomena profound and mysterious, extending from the microscopic world of wonders to the more astonishing revelation of the telescope, have yielded to the successive steps of knowledge. New and interesting territories have been subjected to the dominion of mind by the increase of instrumental power; and scenes of grandeur and beauty spread out before us, tending to elevate and ennoble our conceptions of the great and beneficent ARCHITECT, which is the natural and inevitable result of all faithful scientific inquiry.

If we except astronomy, no branch of knowledge has been more rapidly advanced within the last quarter of a century than that connected with the physical geography of the globe we inhabit. In the apparently irregular figures and careless distribution of the continents, in which Paley could discover no evidence of original design, science has detected a systematic arrangement, sustaining a most intimate relation with all terrestrial phenomena, and highly important in the diffusion and development of vegetable and animal life.

Independently of the relations our planet sustains to the celestial bodies, in the economy of the solar system, it is significantly marked with the evidences of harmony and design. And it matters not whether we contemplate the figures, division or distribution of its continents; the position and adaptation of its fertile valleys; the character and arrangement of its mountain chains; the number of chemical properties and affinities of its constituent elements; its atmosphere, orbit, axis, or rotary motion; upon all the same impressive lessons have been written.

The earth is an oblate spheroid, varying in its equatorial and polar

* 'HUMBOL. COSMOS,' 2 vols. 'Earth and Man,' by Prof. GUYOT. This article is not intended as a review of these works. We have used them so frequently in our reflections on the science, that we think it due to make this acknowledgement.

diameters about one three hundredth part of its greater diameter, or a little more than twenty-six miles. Whether this is the figure a fluid mass would naturally assume when revolving round a centre is a question not necessarily connected with our subject. This difference in the equatorial and polar diameters, the existence of which has been demonstrated by various methods, is comparatively small, but is, notwithstanding, a very important element in the economy of our globe. By it the solar rays are unequally distributed, and the temperature of the greater zones of the astronomical climate secured. Thus in the earliest period of the world's existence, in the morning of its creation, according to the prevailing opinions and theories, we see the evidence of an intelligent and designing primary cause written out on its spheroidal figure. And it is not important, so far as the inquiry itself is concerned, whether the centrifugal force of the revolving fluid mass was the agent employed to secure it, which appears most probable, or whether it was effected by abrasion and deposit, or by internal upheaving forces; it is necessary in the economy of the world, and must have been designed to perform its part, and adapted to the physical relations it sustains.

The spheroidal figure of the earth is connected with its diurnal revolution. The reciprocal attraction of the component particles of a fluid mass at rest would produce a *sphere*; but the earth is not an exact sphere, therefore it is not at rest. This is not the only, and perhaps not the most satisfactory evidence of its motion. It is, says Sir John Herschel, in accordance with all the phenomena of the apparent diurnal motion of the heavens; and, as they are explained by the supposition of the earth's rotary motion, it has been adapted. To this motion we are indebted for an alternation of light and darkness, of labor and rest, corresponding with our physical necessities. It is also an indispensable element in the complex machinery by which the solar heat is measured out in due proportions to the various sections of our globe. While the earth revolves around its own axis, it moves in an elliptical orbit around its primary, the sun. In this annual motion the axis of the earth is inclined from the perpendicular to its orbit at an angle of twenty-three degrees twenty-eight minutes; and during the time of the motion, the diameter is kept parallel to the same direction. By this simple but stupendous contrivance the changes of the seasons and temperature are effected. Had the axis of the earth been perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, like Jupiter's, (and we see no physical cause to have prevented it,) the same places would have had the sun always vertical. Under such an arrangement the equatorial regions would have been parched with intolerable heat; and that which is now the fairest portion of our globe doomed to sterility and desolation. By this inclination the northern and southern hemispheres are alternately brought under the solar influence, and the fervor of the tropical climate rendered less oppressive, and the cold of the northern greatly modified, while the more delightful and productive regions of the temperate zones are extended between the torrid and frozen zones.

The surface of this elliptical planet of ours is differently affected by, as it is unequally exposed to, the solar rays, and therefore has been

divided into various zones of temperature. These would be uniform, were it not for the modifying influences in nature, such as the contour and geographical distribution of the continental mass, and the terrestrial elevations or reliefs; which, in connection with the oceanic and aerial envelopes, secure, through the instrumentality of the infinitely multiplied physical laws, those important modifications of temperature upon which the beauty and usefulness of so many sections of our globe depend.

'The temperature,' says Baron Von Humboldt, 'is raised by the proximity of a western coast, in the temperate zones; by the divided configuration of a continent into peninsulas, with deeply-indented bays and inland seas; the prevalence of southerly or westerly winds; chains of mountains acting as protecting walls against winds coming from colder regions; the vicinity of the oceanic current, and the serenity of the sky in the summer; and that it is lowered by elevation above the sea, when not forming part of an extended plain; the compact configuration of a continent having no littoral curvatures or bays; the vicinity of isolated peaks; mountain chains whose mural form and direction impede the access of warm winds; and a cloudy summer sky, which weakens the effect of the solar rays. With a knowledge of these interesting and important facts, for which science is chiefly indebted to that most extraordinary man to whose inherent love of knowledge and philosophical observations the secret chambers of nature seem to have been opened, we proceed to trace the distribution of these modifying agents. In them we shall be able to discover more perfectly and distinctly the original design of the Infinite Author.

By casting your eye over a correctly-marked globe, you will discover that a large proportion of the continental element lies north of the equator, and that the oceanic element greatly predominates on the southern side. Humboldt says the area of the solid is to that of the fluid parts as one to two and four-fifths. In round numbers there are thirty-eight million square miles of land, two-thirds of which lie north of the equator. From forty degrees south latitude to the Antarctic Pole the earth is almost entirely covered with water. 'The fluid element predominates in like manner between the eastern shores of the old and the western shores of the new continent. The southern and western hemispheres are therefore more rich in water than any other region of the whole earth.' Here we have the proportion and distribution of the two elements. But there is a third, as important as either of these: the atmosphere, 'an elastic fluid,' by which both of the former elements are surrounded. Through its agency the reciprocal action of the land and sea is effected. It constitutes the connecting link between them, by conveying the vapor of the one to the mountain chains and isolated peaks of the other, when it is collected and carried down their declivities, or condensed and precipitated on their slopes and intervening valleys, in the form of rain and snow. The climate of a country is not therefore the result solely of its geographical location, but depends on the relative extension of the solid and fluid parts of our globe, and their action upon each other, which is variously affected by the terrestrial reliefs and local compensations.

Leaving these for the present to trace the distribution and configuration of the continents, we shall find that the eastern hemisphere has a much larger area of elevated land than the western, and that it has its greatest expansion from east to west, while the new continent has its greatest length from north to south. But notwithstanding the difference in the position of their major axis, there is a remarkable regularity in the general figures of the continents, and in the arrangement of their reliefs, which seem to have been thrown up by some determinate power. We are indebted to the German physicists for much of all that is known of the analogies which exist between the continents, and particularly are we indebted to Humboldt and Professor Guyot. The latter, by pointing out the remarkable adaptations in the relative expansion of land and water, and in the distribution, figures and reliefs of the former, has converted 'science into a christian teacher.'

It has been said that the continents are arranged in pairs, lying north and south of each other, and united together by a narrow isthmus. Although this is not strictly true, there is sufficient evidence to justify the remark. North and South America sustain this relation to each other, but in the continents of the old world Europe and Africa only are connected in this way. Asia and Australia have a chain of islands between them, which may be considered as the elevated points of the connecting isthmus, the remainder being submerged. The next analogy presented in the different continental masses is the groups of islands found east of their most southern points. 'America has the Falkland Islands, Africa has Madagascar and the volcanic islands which surround it, Asia has Ceylon, and Australia the two great islands of New Zealand.' A third analogy is a deep inward curve of their western coasts. In America this inflection takes place along the coast of Bolivia; the Gulf of Guinea represents it in Africa; in Asia the Gulf of Cambaye and the Indo-Persian Sea; and in Australia it is seen in the Gulf of Nuyts. However forced these analogies may appear at first view, it will be found on examination that they nevertheless do really exist.

There are, then, three pairs of continents; two in the old and one in the new world; and three northern and three southern continents. Those of the south resemble each other, and the same may be said of the northern group; but the northern differ very materially from the southern. These differences, however, are of the greatest importance. As the physical differences of the oceanic and continental elements, by acting and reacting on each other, secure not only many important compensations in nature, but, by giving life and vigor to each other, make one entire and perfect whole; so the great variety of soil and climate enables the continents not only to relieve the poverty but to increase the resources of each other by a mutual exchange of products.

The northern continents are uniformly wider than the southern, and attain their greatest expansion in the Arctic circle, becoming more and more narrow as they approach their southern associate. The southern continents, following a similar law, are widest at the north, but continuing to narrow as they approach the southern pole, finally terminate in high and rocky points. Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, Cape

Cormorin, and the Australian Cape south of Van Dieman's Land, are instances of their southern terminations. To this general arrangement of the continents there is no exception.

The northern continents contain nearly two-thirds of the continental area; according to Professor Guyot they contain twenty-two and a half millions of square miles, while the southern contain sixteen and a third millions only. In tracing the characteristics of each, we find the northern more indented, more articulated, and their contours therefore more varied. They are also enriched by inland seas and gulfs. The southern are more compact, have fewer indentations, and no inland seas. In these characteristics the southern continents are without an exception to the law of their formation. The northern, from these facts, are more maritime, more commercial, and infinitely better adapted to the developement of the character and powers of man. They are also nearer to each other, which encourages and secures a constant communication between them. The southern are smaller, and are widely separated from each other, and appear designed to act a less important part than the larger and more highly-favored continental masses with which they are connected; and this difference of character is increased by the influence of the astronomical climate. The northern continents are almost entirely in the temperate zone, while the southern are confined to the tropical and warm temperate zones. To these facts of location, form and reliefs may be traced the peculiarities of each; but these dissimilarities are as necessary to complete and perfect the vast machinery, which may be called the economy of the intellectual and moral developement of man, as the concurrent action of land and water and heat and cold is to the constitution of a healthy and invigorating atmosphere.

Their mountains are symmetrically arranged, and by their direction, height and escapements, materially influence the temperature of the continental climates. The principal chains of the old world follow the direction of the parallels; while those of the new world take the direction of the meridian. The law, as in the case of the major axis, seems to be entirely different in the two continents, but in other matters the same economy is observed. The highest elevations of the continental masses, following the direction of the mountain-chains, are uniformly located on the side of the continents, and not as might be expected, at the centre. The mountains descend gradually toward the Atlantic and Frozen Oceans; while their slopes are rapid and precipitous toward the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

‘If this order were reversed, and the elevation of the lands went on increasing toward the north, the most civilized half of the globe at the present, would be a frozen and uninhabitable desert.’ This disposition of the slopes is most uniform and remarkable. There is nothing in the formation of the continental masses, better adapted to impress the mind with the idea of original design. Admit that the upheaving force resides within our globe; that the irregular but ever active motion of the disturbed molten element at the centre, acting directly on the surface, produced these elevations; yet how came this power to act so uniformly, so regularly? How came the slopes and greatest elevations to be so

perfectly adapted to the form and configuration of the continents, and to their various climatic relations? The highest elevations are found near the tropics; as the Himalaya in the twenty-seventh degree north latitude; and Nevado de Sorato in fifteen degrees fifty-two minutes south latitude. Why are the greatest elevations on each side of the equator, and their distances from it, so nearly corresponding to each other? There is no physical law by which this question can be answered; but herein we notice a most remarkable fact. We shall see hereafter, that the greatest proportion of salt in the Pacific is in the parallels of nearly the same latitudes; and that the saline principle increases gradually from the poles to those points.

The continental masses, however rise, as indicated by their slopes, gradually from the north and south to the equator. The mean elevations of the northern and southern divisions, most clearly establish this fact. Owing to the difference in the density of the atmosphere at different altitudes, on which its capacity for heat, and its radiating power depend, the temperature of the lower strata is always above that of the upper. This atmospheric law has been observed in the elevation of the southern continents, by which the extreme heat of the equatorial regions is greatly modified. Baron Von Humboldt, estimates the mean relief of Europe at six hundred and seventy-one feet; that of Asia, at one thousand one hundred and fifty-one; that of North America, at seven hundred and forty-eight; that of South America, at one thousand one hundred and thirty-two, and that of Africa still higher. But the mean elevation of Europe, depends in a great measure on the vast plains of Russia and Poland; the massive plateau of Spain, and the Alpine chain. That of Asia is greatly increased by the elevation of her southern table-lands. Those of Thibet, which commence with an elevation of four thousand feet only, rise as they approach the south, to the height of nearly twelve thousand; and those of the Decan, which commence with an elevation about equal to the northern portion of Thibet, point to, and are connected with the southern termination of the peninsula, which has an elevation of more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

These elevations and slopes are not only adapted to the astronomical climate, and the distribution of the fluid element; but where their general dispositions, would in themselves produce an effect different from the one we now see, and which appears adapted to the best interests of our race, their influence is controlled by special and local compensations. Thus in the case of North America, the effect of the long northern slope, by which we are exposed to the polar currents of wind, and the influence of the Rocky Mountains, which turn these currents back upon the Mississippi valley, is controlled in a great measure, by the action of the immense chain of lakes on the north, over which these currents must pass, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. This deep cut as observed by Professor Guyot, opens the south of our continent to the wet winds of the tropics. The return trade winds coming directly from the sea, waters the Atlantic coast, the western slope of the Alleghanies, and the valley of the Mississippi. Owing, therefore, to this 'broad gate,' we are more highly favored with rains than could be ex-

pected from our situation and continental reliefs. A different disposition of the Rocky Mountains would change the character of our climate and country. These mountains and the gulf act upon each other, and appear necessary to make up our continental character.

The longest slope of the Andes, one thousand eight hundred and fifty miles, is toward the east, and is abundantly watered by the trade winds of the Atlantic. The shortest slope, only seventy miles long, is to the west, and embraces the desert of Atacama. 'Deprived of the vapors of the Atlantic by the Andes, these countries (embracing the coast of the Pacific from Peruta Parina and Amatope to far beyond the tropics, from the equator to Chili,) behold the vapors of the Pacific flitting away with the trade-wind, and no accidental breeze to bring them back.' Brazil and Guiana are indebted to their secondary chains for their irrigation; while Peru and New Granada are saved from the condition of Atacama, by a depression of the Cordilleras. A similar depression acting in conjunction with the continental form, secures a sufficient irrigation to Chili, by deflecting the trade-winds. Thus general laws are controlled by local arrangements; and large sections of territory redeemed for the use of man.

Western Europe is indebted for the uniform temperate climate, which distinguishes it from all other countries in corresponding latitudes, to its numerous seas and inland bays and lakes; its mountain-chains, and its situation on the western side of the great continent. The Alps, Pyrenees, Appennines, Carpathians and Ural chain, and the mountains of Sweden and Norway, are so arranged that they protect the interior; while they contribute to keep the atmosphere humid and mild, by condensing the vapor, so bountifully supplied by the Ocean, Mediterranean, Black, Baltic, Adriatic and North Seas. The water on the north, free from ice, modifies the cold winds from that direction, while its configuration opens its western coast to the elevated temperature of the Gulf-stream. Its atmospheric temperature is also elevated by the heated currents of air rushing in from the tropical regions of Africa. This combination of influences, change its astronomical climate; and give it one, which notwithstanding its humidity, is almost unrivalled.

Sweden is a striking illustration of the influence of terrestrial reliefs. It lies between fifty-five and seventy degrees north latitude; but is protected from the northern currents by its mountain-chains; and its atmospheric temperature is greatly elevated by the waters or evaporation of the Baltic Sea and Gulf of Bothnia on the south. It is owing wholly to these facts, that they are enabled to cultivate the *cereals* so far to the north. It will be seen from what has been said concerning the influence of the fluid element; that it tends to lower the mean annual temperature between the tropics, and to raise it in the higher latitudes, which will be explained hereafter. The climate of the two worlds, and of each continent, is the result of all the general features of configuration and relief; and these, we discover, are adapted to the continental masses, and their astronomical climate.

The northern continents, except Asia, have a comparatively low mean elevation, although embracing immense elevated plateaux and mountain-chains; and rise as they approach the south. While the southern di-

visions, including Asia, have a high mean elevation. The necessity of this difference arises from their astronomical climate, and the atmospheric law of temperature, to which we have alluded. But there is no physical cause for it. It is not connected with the elliptical figure of the earth; nor did it result from the same cause. If so, the southern hemisphere would present slopes corresponding with those of the northern. It may be possible that these differences were caused by forces similar to those now acting on the coasts of Sweden and Finland; but if this be true, their uniformity and importance, teach us that the agent thus employed, was obedient to some intelligent power to whom the concurrent influence of the various physical laws was foreknown. By this elevation, the inhabitants of the torrid zones in certain localities, are surrounded with a variety and richness of vegetable life, to which we are strangers. 'Thus,' says Humboldt, 'it is given to man in those regions to behold without quitting his native land, all the forms of vegetation dispersed over the globe, and all the shining worlds which stud the heavenly vault from pole to pole.' But he adds most appropriately and which is a compensation for all that is lost. 'In the frigid North, in the midst of the barren heath, the solitary student can appropriate mentally all that has been discovered in the most distant regions, and can create within himself a world free and imperishable as the spirit by which it is conceived.' No one knows or has felt these truths more deeply than himself.

The great Mexican plateau, although under a tropical sun, is blessed with a climate equal almost to that of Western Europe for agreeableness of temperature. A single day's journey from Vera Cruz, which is situated in the *Tierra Caliente*, enables you to reach the regions of perpetual spring. The same arrangement is observable on the plains of Columbia in South America. 'The contrast,' says Arnott, 'is very striking after sailing a thousand miles up the level river Magdalena in a heat scarcely equalled on the plains of India, all at once to climb to the table-land above, where Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of the republic, is seen smiling over interminable plains that bear the livery of the fairest fields of Europe.'

Our first glance at the terrestrial surface, revealed the two great divisions of land and water, and their unequal distribution. Our next, the forms and relations of the continents; and our last, the effect of the elevations and local compensations. The necessity of each will more fully appear as we trace the phenomena with which they are connected. But the cause of these important divisions, forms, reliefs and connections, is hid from the gaze of man. The elliptical figure of the earth is explained by its rotary motion; but not so its continental divisions and contours.

'All that we know regarding this subject,' says Von Humboldt, 'resolves itself into this one point, that the active cause is subterranean, that the continents did not rise at once in the form they now present, but were, as we have already observed, increased by degrees, by means of humorous oscillatory elevations and depressions of the soil, or were formed by this fusion of separate smaller continental masses.' The geological formation of the earth's crust; the wide diffusion and ele-

vated position of fossil shells, fishes and marine plants, and the present active forces exhibited on the coasts of Sweden and Finland; induce the belief that the process of elevation was gradual. And the existence of fossil plants and animals in northern portions of our globe, whose nature required a much warmer climate than the one in which they are found, favors the opinion that these upheavels have been sufficiently great to change the character of the continental climate. But when were these mighty changes effected? For more than two thousand years the earth's surface and size have not materially changed. If the whole mass were growing less by the gradual escape of internal heat, and consequent shrinking of the bulk, the time occupied in making a revolution on its axis, would also change; but this is not the case. Laplace, who contributes as much to the annals of science as any one since Newton's time, and whose only rival, as remarked by Professor Playfair, was the genius of the human race, concluded from the comparisons made during the period which history has kept record of these matters, that the sidereal day has not changed as much as one three hundredth of a second since the time of Hipparchus. And notwithstanding all the violent shocks of earthquakes to which Greece has been subjected, and all the changes, if any, which the internal forces have produced, the springs of Hellenic antiquity are still found at the same places. Erasinus, south of Argos, still refreshes the weary traveller; Saint Nicholas flows on beneath the temple of Apollo, as of old; the crystal waters of Costalia, still murmur in the shades of Phadriadæ; and the hot springs of Ædipsus, in which Lulla bathed, and those of Thermopylæ, at the foot of Cæta, are used now as they were then. No change has disturbed the fountain from which they are supplied. But in other localities great changes have taken place. Rivers have been swallowed up, and mountains and volcanoes have arisen in a single night, showing the power of the uneasy element within our planet. One instance of this character, which excited much attention at the time, was the island of Sabrina, near St. Michael. It was about one mile in circumference, and rose to the height of three hundred feet above the sea, but sunk back into it again after enjoying the solar rays for a few weeks.

Doubtless many tropical plants have been carried northward by the oceanic currents; as the *Mimosa Scandens*, *Dolicheus Urens*, etc., which are found on the coasts of Ireland and Norway.

Sir Charles Lyell, has attempted to relieve us from the difficulties these questions present, by showing the high probability of vast but gradual changes in the continental masses, by which the climates of particular regions have been wholly changed. All this may be true, yet it does not affect the grand question involved. The uniformity of the continental arrangements and the general and special adaptations of form and relief, to the various physical laws, which we have thus far pointed out, as strongly persuade the mind that these beautifully adapted and necessary dispositions of land and water, of valley and mountain, did not result from the irregular and accidental force of indeterminate powers. And when we connect them with the form of the earth, its axis and rotary motion, and its relation to and dependence on the sun,

we discover a vast plan of mutually adapted elements, which, however accidental in appearance, act in perfect harmony with the innumerable and profound phenomena of nature. This, if it were the only evidence, would be sufficient to convince the reflecting that the continents took their places, forms and reliefs, obedient to the mandate of a power without and above the physical agents, which are employed to do the behests of the CREATOR. The earth may be molten at its centre, and the continents and terrestrial reliefs may have been thrown up by the agency of these internal fires. It is as easy for the infinite CREATOR to operate in one way as another. But every thing tends to prove the subordinate and determinate action of these agents, in preparing the world for the habitation of man.

S O N G .

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

THEY will not come to gild again
 The skies of our advancing day,
 Those youthful fancies, fond and vain,
 That early tracked its joyous way :
 Then why with cold
 Disdain behold
 The bliss that youth so soon must lose ;
 Ah ! wherefore scorn
 The blush of morn,
 Since noon can boast no lovelier hues ?

The blossom ne'er regains the bloom
 That envious Summer robs it of ;
 Our hastening year hath only room
 For one short spring of hope and love :
 If Winter's blight
 Must cloud its light,
 And wither all the charms it brings,
 Then why despise
 The flowers we prize,
 Since earth can yield no fairer things !

When pensive age hath dimmed our eyes
 To all but calmer Faith and Truth,
 We shall not mourn that brighter skies
 Once decked the sun-rise of our youth :
 Then not with cold
 Disdain behold
 The bliss that youth so soon must lose :
 Ah ! never scorn
 The blush of morn,
 Since noon can boast no lovelier hues !

T O N I A G A R A .

WHEN the first hunter pierced to Ontario's shore,
 And through the darkling forests caught thy roar,
 Crept to thy brink, he shook with mortal awe
 And through the dim vast veil the ETERNAL saw :
 But no ! his blood a moment wilder run,
 He gazed, grew calm, and primed his moistened gun.
 Thy voice, like God's, Niagara, thy robe
 Of cloud, thy flash of em'rald on the globe,
 The angel-ray upon thy dangerous brow,
 Thy calm above, thine agony below,
 Move not the mind where darkness is for light,
 Light to an inner spiritual sight,
 That sees majestic floods go o'er the soul,
 From the high lakes where waves immortal roll.

Salem, May 27th, 1850.

THE THREE VIEWS OF LIFE.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

'THE young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams.' — BIBLE.

First View.

THE YOUNG MAN'S VISION.

'A CHURCH-ORGAN and a lady's piano met accidentally one day on board of a steam-boat which was bound to New-Orleans. The organ had belonged to Trinity Church, of New-York, but had been taken away and sold when the church was to be pulled down and replaced by the present edifice which adorns the head of Wall-street. The organ had never produced any sounds but the most solemn chants, and frequently performed requiems for the dead, who were occasionally brought into the church for interment. Indeed, it had never heard any tune less solemn than an anthem, except when the city militia, with drums and fifes, passed the church toward the battery ; on which occasions the organ always felt so much horror at the profane disturbance, that the church-doors and windows were closed to exclude the unwelcome sounds. Even chains were in ancient days drawn across Broadway, in front of the church, to more effectually prevent the intolerable annoyance by denying a passage to the boisterous intruders. The piano, on the contrary, was almost constantly uttering songs and shouting waltzes and quadrilles. It could play without a book 'The Dutchman's Cork Leg,' 'The Merry Schoolmaster,' 'Three Blind Mice,' and kindred drolleries innumerable.

‘As the organ and piano were to associate during a long sea-voyage, and were situated aside of each other in the hold of the steamer, they naturally began a sort of travelling colloquy. The piano, being the less stately of the two, commenced by carelessly stating the new operas that had lately been performed, the new plays that were in preparation, and by adverting to such other topics of gay life as she was accustomed to hear announced by the young gentlemen with frizzled whiskers and moustaches who made morning visits to her mistress.

‘The organ listened with designedly marked solemnity to this sudden outbreak of nonsense, and to prevent at once the recurrence of such levity, and demonstrate her own superior ethical education, she began to recount the funerals at which she had recently officiated. She was, however, greatly surprised and not a little shocked to find the piano seized with an immoderate fit of laughter at conversation that was apparently so solemn. ‘My dear friend,’ said the piano, ‘be not offended, but I cannot help laughing when I see how unhappy you make yourself by needlessly contemplating melancholy events, when so many happy ones are constantly transpiring around you. I know as well as you that men and women are allotted to die; and what is more, and worse, pianos and organs are destined to a kindred dissolution. Nay, I have myself suffered the severance of some of the tenderest strings that a piano can lose; yet I have found more wisdom, and more piety too, in enjoying the blessings which remain than in mourning what are irretrievably lost.’ Suiting her actions to her words, the merry instrument began again to warble and laugh, till she gradually brought herself into a paroxysm of enjoyment.

‘The organ possessed naturally a very sweet disposition, and as she listened with increasing complacency to the merry notes of the piano, she could not help being impressed very forcibly with the contrast in their destiny. She at first sighed, then sobbed, and at length wept loud and piteously. This only made the piano laugh still more merrily; till seeing that the organ mistook the cause of her mirth, she said: ‘My dear companion, I am not laughing at your misery, but at your perversity. You are unhappy because you are continually sighing and groaning. Play the lively tunes that I play, and you will become as merry as I am. Providence has so fashioned us that such a consequence must follow.’

‘Impossible!’ exclaimed the organ; ‘such results may belong to the structure of pianos, and perhaps to men and women, as I have sometimes suspected; but organs are too full of sensibility to be merry in this world of misery!’ and she cried more profusely than before.

‘New-Orleans at length appeared in the distant horizon. The steamer approached it rapidly, and the view gradually assumed the definiteness of an extensive and busy city. Carmen and porters were eventually seen in crowds upon the dock; and soon they were heard shouting, wrangling, and jostling each other on the deck of the vessel, where all was confusion and tumult, consequent to the landing of passengers and the removal of the cargo. At this moment, which is ever dedicated to universal selfishness and uproar, the two objects of our narrative were forcibly separated, without the allowance of any fare-

well or leave-taking; and before the organ could dry up its tears or recover its stateliness, it was transported to the boudoir of a French lady of fortune and fashion, who was blessed with five as merry daughters as ever danced a gallopade.

‘The organ was scarcely erected in its new position when the impatient young ladies hastened to make its acquaintance. It had prepared its loudest sighs and deepest groans, to impress its new owners with a proper sense of the miseries of this transitory life; but great was its astonishment when the young ladies compelled it unceremoniously to play sprightly airs and merry dances. The employment seemed irksome and degrading to a high-toned metropolitan organ, and keenly was it vexed at what seemed to be the rude taste of provincial ignorance; but little heeded the sprightly girls sombre reflections, of whose existence even they were unconscious; they accordingly made the organ sound loud and long the merriest peals within its compass, till at length, infected by its own mirth-inspiring tones, and gradually relaxing all its gravity, it became as merry as the gayest young lady could desire.

‘In this happy mood it not only continued, but one morning, when the young ladies were preparing to give a night’s entertainment to their friends, with dancing and music, the organ began with unmistakable good-will to play a Spanish fandango; and while the frolicsome girls were dancing to its notes and rejoicing in its exhilarating shouts, a noise was suddenly heard upon the stairs, as of a heavy body in the act of laboriously ascending. The door of the room sprang open, and six men entered, bearing on their hands a piano, which the organ instantly recognised as its travelling companion. The organ would have covered its face with its hands, had its formation permitted, in token of its mortification at having been caught in so transformed a character; but the piano only laughed good-naturedly, and before the anticipated ball was half ended they played in concert, and seemed to emulate each other in their mirth-creating efforts; while the organ gratefully confessed that the moment it deserted melancholy topics and adopted cheerful ones it had, as the piano once predicted, become as happy as it formerly had been miserable.’

Second View.

THE STRONG MAN’S FACTS.

‘A very good yarn, and very well spun,
And we are three jolly boys every one!’

exclaimed sneeringly a philosopher, who was in the prime of manhood, to a young man who had just related the above fable. ‘You really believe that the three great streams of wo, typically the tooth-ache, the heart-ache, and the purse-ache, can all be turned into milk and honey by the prescription which you have recommended? You remember what Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare’s ‘Taming of a Shrew,’ that ‘hereafter every man will be able to tame a shrew, excepting him

who happens to have her;' and I much fear, my young friend, we shall be forced to parody the sarcasm, and say of your theory that hereafter every man will be able to be merry excepting him who happens to be sad. I will relate an adventure which occurred to me last summer, and which teaches a lesson that may not be so agreeable as yours, but it accords more nearly with the realities of life.

'I was travelling toward Binghampton in the stage-coach, and when we arrived at Oxford it stopped for the night, though two or three hours of daylight still remained unexpended. Anxious to complete my journey, and with only forty miles further to travel, I called at several neighboring houses to procure, if possible, some immediate conveyance onward. I was ultimately directed to a farmer, who resided about half a mile from Oxford, and owned a one-horse wagon, which my informant supposed I could procure. I walked to the house and found that the owner kept a small tavern, on rather a lonely by-road. He was not in the house, but his wife told me he was in the barn, trimming his lambs. I felt no little curiosity to know what the woman meant by saying he was 'trimming his lambs,' nor was I quite sure whether her words were to be understood literally or referred figuratively to the farmer's children; but as I disliked to expose my ignorance by venturing any questions, I walked toward the barn to satisfy my curiosity, as well as to procure the man's wagon.

'As I approached the barn I was soon relieved from any doubt as to the nature of the lambs; and while their bleating manifested that they were veritable sheep, it indicated that the trimming to which they were subjected was no agreeable operation. I found all the doors of the barn closely shut, and from the commotion within I began to doubt whether I ought to invade what seemed to be designed as an act of private discipline. I however summoned up resolution enough to open one of the doors, and was immediately assailed from within by several voices at once to shut the door, which I had inclined through caution to keep open, by reason of the doubtful light that pervaded the interior; being, however, thus clamorously enjoined, I hastily closed the door after me as I timidly entered this seemingly rural Pandemonium. After becoming familiarized to the surrounding twilight, so as to see distinctly what was transpiring, I discovered several children of both sexes, who were struggling to drag some affrighted lambs toward the farmer; and he no sooner received one into his powerful grasp than he, with a sharp and bloody knife, cut off the lamb's tail, and then permitted him to escape.

'I was shocked at this apparent cruelty, especially as I deemed it one of those wanton and gratuitous mutilations which the caprice of fashion or taste sometimes causes to be inflicted on horses, dogs, and other animals. I even ventured to suggest my abhorrence of the act, though it seemed to the actors, especially to the boys, a matter of much sport; but the farmer assured me the operation was dictated by benevolence rather than cruelty, as the tail, if left unpruned, would, during the summer and winter, contract so much extraneous adhesions, that the sheep would be incommoded by the weight, and the fleece injured by stains and tangles. My wrath was appeased by thus finding that

every lamb was to participate in the benefits which were to result from his present pains, and I began to look on the scene with the coolness that results from a pious consciousness that present evils are but mercies in disguise.

‘I now observed that some of the lambs which were brought by the children to the farmer were dismissed without his inflicting on them any mutilation. They cried as lustily as their brothers and sisters till they were dismissed and found themselves safely located in the part of the barn which was allotted to the lambs who had been operated on, when, shaking their tails several times, as if to satisfy themselves that the appendage was still where it ought to be, they gradually ceased their outcries, and became reconciled to the troubles of their neighbors. I thought I could even detect, despite the demure Quaker-like look of the un mutilated ones, that they shook their tails a little more than was necessary to simply satisfy themselves that all was well with them. I was quite willing that the tails should be shaken till all doubt of their safety was removed; nay, I was willing they should be shaken some time longer, in joy that the valued appendages were unharmed; but I was not willing they should be shaken in any spirit of ostentatious superiority over the less fortunate companions of the fold. Still the shaking was continued, and the owners of the tails would turn round and obtrude them into the faces of their unfortunate friends, till I thought I could hear the sly rogues say, as plainly as pantomime can speak, ‘Look, brother; I have not lost my tail, though you have yours.’

‘I ventured to inquire of the farmer his reason for treating his fleecy subjects so unequally. ‘Why,’ replied he, ‘those whom I leave uncut are fine fat fellows, that I intend for the butcher, who is to call for them in the morning.’ ‘Alas! alas!’ said I, ‘their exemption from misfortune, about which they are glorifying themselves, is then but a precursor to their destruction! Oh, lambs! lambs! can you not profit by this lesson! You, I mean, with lacerated tails. Seeing ye know not the end of events, will ye not hereafter bear success with meekness and moderation, and at least refrain from despondency and mutiny under disappointments and trouble.’ But I might as well have kept silent, for the farmer and his children stared at me as if they thought I was crazy; and as for the wounded sheep, they made no response but baa! baa! and that, I believe, is all the response real affliction will usually yield to merely verbal consolation.’

Third View.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

‘You are somewhat mistaken, my friend,’ said an old sage, who, with the two who have already spoken, constituted a trio of philosophers that had assembled to discuss the principles of human nature. ‘The fable that we have heard from our young friend is only a little too strongly tinctured with the buoyancy of youth, when usually nothing is necessary to happiness but to will it; while your narrative, to

which we have just listened, is too strongly colored by the vigor of manhood, when the feelings are less controllable than at any other period. As I have passed beyond both these phases of existence, I can speak experimentally of the entire circle of life. Our feelings cannot be wholly subjected to the control of the intellect. Holy writ says sorrow is as natural to the organization of man as to fly upward is natural to the organization of sparks. This declaration is not prophesy, but the revelation of an existing fact; hence an exemption from happiness or unhappiness by any man, whether king or beggar, is as much an organic impossibility as an exemption from disease and death. Our organization, therefore, will ever frustrate the benevolent efforts of moralists to eradicate unhappiness, just as our organization must ever frustrate the efforts of physicians to prevent death. When physicians deplete a man to prevent apoplexy, they only produce dropsy; and when they evacuate a dropsy, they only superinduce gangrene. So a man is no sooner relieved from the unhappiness of poverty, than he becomes miserable from anxiety to preserve his riches; and when he is relieved from the burthen of physical toil, he becomes miserable from the listlessness of inactivity. Men, however, are continually deeming happiness and unhappiness a result of external causes, instead of a result of our organization. As a natural consequence of this fundamental error, we seek happiness in external things, over which we possess but little control, instead of seeking it in a regulation of our own feelings, over which we possess a great control. The truth of this theory is forced upon our observation in many physical instances. The inhabitants of frozen Lapland are as happy under the disadvantages of their rigid climate as the inhabitants of Naples under the advantages of their genial temperature. So in the ever-changeable climate which we occupy, we adapt ourselves to each alternation of cold and heat; until we are as happy under the inclemency of winter as we are under the ardency of summer or the mildness of spring. And even the poor among us, who cannot shield themselves from cold by external appliances, soon educate their feelings to its endurance, until their happiness is as little impaired thereby as the luxurious rich man's, who envelops himself in furs, and fills his chambers with artificial heats. Look also at a young man, vigorous with health, and to whom Nature almost guarantees many long future years of life, and look at an old man, bereft of vigor, and to whom Nature guarantees a speedy death. These opposite circumstances affect not the happiness of either class of persons, for we accommodate our feelings to results that we know are inevitable; and we can equally accommodate our feelings to transient and accidental results, if we will. I affirm then, that happiness and unhappiness, though they are organic necessities, and therefore common to every person, are less dependent on external circumstances than they are on the person's habits of thought. The following narrative, puerile as it is, and hence comprehensible by all persons, will explain my theory better than any more masculine effort, that would be understood by only a few persons.

'I lay last night in bed and could not sleep. I kept reflecting on the two philosophers who lived in Greece some two thousand years ago,

and who viewed all events in aspects so opposite, that while one laughed at every thing which happened, and deemed it a good joke, the other cried at every occurrence, and deemed it only a fresh calamity. These antagonistic results evinced that mirth and sorrow are not necessary consequences of any given event. While I was thus musing I must have fallen into a dream, for I saw a little old woman with a very high cap on her head, and a prodigiously long nose on her face. She seemed to be almost all cap and nose. Her appearance was so irresistibly grotesque, that I could not help watching her movements. She saw my intention, and at once kindly undertook to relieve my curiosity. She informed me that Providence had blessed her with two granddaughters, and for which she supposed she ought to be thankful; but one of them occasioned her much trouble. The troublesome one was named Crybella, and she was always in tears; things never occurring exactly as she desired. Nature had given her a pretty face, but she had so distorted her features by frequent crying, that they had become crooked; just as the trees of a forest will eventually obtain an oblique inclination when they are too frequently subjected to strong winds from any one point of the compass. The other granddaughter was named Smilianna, and she was always smiling. The habit seemed to agree with her health; and it also influenced her features, making them look bright, plump and frolicksome.

The old woman performed a weekly visit to her granddaughters, who resided at different boarding schools; and she being thus engaged now, I determined to accompany her. At her last visit she had taken to each of the girls a silver fruit-knife as a present; and she now carried a large basket which contained another present. We found poor Crybella in great distress. Whether her tears commenced their flow as soon as she saw her grandmother, I could not ascertain; but they continued to flow all the time we were with her. She insisted that her grandmother should take back the fruit-knife and retain it safely, as she was sure it would be stolen or broken, or subjected to some other mischance, if it remained at the school. The poor grandmother received back the knife, and was sorry it had occasioned so much trouble; and as Crybella had heretofore complained of sleeping without a pillow, the old woman had brought one in the basket; and hoping the granddaughter would thenceforth sleep more comfortably, gave the little girl the pillow, and departed to visit Smilianna.

Smilianna knew her grandmother's knock, and came bounding to the street door. She seemed delighted with the old lady's visit, and hugged her with so much apparent good will, and looked so happy, that I thought she was the most lovely girl I had ever seen. Smilianna ran up stairs, and soon returned with her fruit-knife. She had greatly improved its appearance by washing its pearl handle, and polishing its silver blade; and she declared that every apple which she had eaten with it, tasted more delicious than any former apples, by reason of its being peeled and cut with a silver knife. The old woman could not help smiling herself, at the good humor and kind feelings of her granddaughter; and she ended her visit by leaving with her just such a pillow as she had left with Crybella.

Time soon passes away when we are asleep. I thought a week had already vanished, and that the old lady again appeared and invited me to accompany her to her granddaughter's. On we walked till we came to the boarding-school of Crybella. We knocked several times before the door was opened, and we waited no short time in the parlor before the little girl was ready to meet us. She appeared at length, but was quite unwell, owing, as we soon found, to the pillow. It had been made of new feathers, and possessed accordingly so unpleasant an odor, that the poor child had been sadly annoyed. She had attempted to correct the evil by throwing over the pillow case a quantity of cologne water; but that remedied the defect for only a few moments, and then made it worse by contrast; hence instead of using the pillow to sleep on, she had used it to cry on till her head ached and she could obtain no rest. The poor old woman was grieved at this unfortunate result of her intended kindness; but she had brought a new present which was very opportune, and could not fail from yielding delight. She had brought a fine fresh orange, rosy and fragrant; and taking it out of her basket delivered it to the granddaughter.

I saw that Crybella was disappointed at this present, her grandmother's remarks having induced her to expect something better. She therefore, only cried still more violently than previously; though she attempted to conceal the cause, and attributed the increased tears to an increase of head-ache. We next went to the other boarding-school and saw Smilianna, who was gay and pleasant as usual. She received her orange with unusual pleasure, because she could experiment on it with her silver knife, which she doubted not would greatly improve the flavor of the orange. She expressed also unbounded delight from lying on her new pillow, except that it enticed her to sleep longer than the rules of the school would permit, and made her too desirous for the arrival of bed-time.

Another week flew away, and I again accompanied the old woman to see her granddaughters. We went first to Smilianna, who was all gaiety as usual. She showed us a flower-pot in which she had planted some of the seeds of the orange with the intention of raising an orange tree. She had been happy the whole week in procuring the flower-pot, preparing the loam and in anticipating the maturity of the tree, which was to gratify her and her companions with oranges; not forgetting that the first fine ripe orange was to be given to her grandmother.

Poor Crybella, whom we next visited, was as unhappy as usual. Having no fruit-knife, she had employed her teeth in taking off the rind of the orange, and it had blistered her under lip. She had also discovered a small pimple on the tip of her nose, and it must in some way, she thought have proceeded from the acrimony of the orange peel. She cried piteously at this double affliction, and entreated her grandmother to take her from school, where nothing occurred but a succession of misfortunes. The old woman listened with impatience to these unfounded complaints. I saw she was struggling hard to suppress her feelings, but they eventually overcame her judgment. She stamped on the floor with wonderful energy, and raising her hand to

her face, she pulled at her big nose till it broke off: when she threw it at her granddaughter, and it fixed itself firmly where the pimple was alleged to be situated. There, exclaimed savagely the old woman, take that and wear it during the rest of your days. I have been happy despite of it, and you have not been happy though exempt from it. If it shall bring you to your senses you may still be happy, as I have been; and if it shall not, you may as well be unhappy with some cause, as to be unhappy without a cause.' Crybella felt that something had happened to her, she knew not what; till turning toward a looking-glass, she saw the immense nose of her grandmother standing prominently and permanently on her own. She shrieked till all the household ran into the room to ascertain the cause of so much disturbance, and amid the noise I awoke; and immediately wrote out the dream for the amusement of the thoughtless, the instruction of the thoughtful, and a fitting finale of our queer philosophical triologue.

S O N N E T S .

'MAN, the lord of creation, will extirpate the noble creatures of the earth, but he himself will ever be the slave of the canker-worm and the fly.'

MRS. SOMERVILLE.

How full are we of majesty and might !
 We bid the proudest beasts our menials be,
 And blithesome birds, forsaking courses free,
 With our commissions laden, plume for flight ;
 We grasp and guide the pencils of the light ;
 We sweep triumphant o'er the surging seas ;
 And our uplifted eyes unblenchingly
 Find servitors in starry hosts of night.
 The subtle lightnings, on the vibrant wire,
 Our faithful heralds, swift and silent, thrill ;
 Wind, wave and wood submissively conspire
 To work the mandates of a potent will ;
 Yet doth the Soul, like flames of rushing fire,
 Grow, by consuming, more insatiate still !

How frail we are, and full of impotence !
 A twinging nerve, an insect's tiny sting,
 Hot throbs of keenest agony may bring,
 Wherefrom our strength awards us no defence.
 The faintest whisper of malevolence,
 A glance, a curling lip may fling,
 Despite our loftiness and glorying,
 Dread darkness on the spirit's sunny sense.
 No blossom trembling in the embrace of air
 More insecurely clings to life than we ;
 When ruthless winds enclasp the floweret fair,
 Its odorous beauty and its being flee ;
 So Death's chill fingers touch us unaware,
 And where is all our vaunting majesty !

Dover, (N. H.), June, 1850.

S. J. P.

H Y M N S T O T H E G O D S .

N U M B E R T W E L V E .

T O M A R S .

GREAT war-god ! mighty ARES ! hear our hymn,
 Sung to thee in the wood recesses dim,
 Of dusky Canà, near the Scavian wave !
 When war's red storms in lurid fury rave,
 And the fierce billows of his hungry tide
 Over the groaning land sweep far and wide ;
 When his wild legions clad in gleaming steel,
 And bristling thick with javelins madly reel
 In desperate conflict ; while the mighty roar
 Peals upward, shaking Heaven's great golden floor,
 Even as the tumult of the maddened sea
 Shakes granite towers, when FEAR and AGONY
 And DESPERATION riot hand in hand,
 And fire and famine waste the lean, lank land ;
 Then thou rejoicing ragest through the field ;
 Like mountain thunder clangs thy brazen shield,
 Thy falchion, like the lightning, flashes far ;
 The frightened earth, under thy sounding car,
 (Wheeled swiftly by thy brazen-footed steeds,
 FLIGHT and mad TERROR) shuddering quakes and shivers,
 And even as the war's red surge recedes,
 Swelled brooks of blood run downward to red rivers.

Turn thy wild coursers from our lovely land !
 Let not their hoofs trample our golden strand ;
 Shake not thy spear above our fruitful hills,
 Nor turn to blood the waters of our rills ;
 Crush not our flowers with thy remorseless wheels,
 Nor let our grain be trod by armed heels,
 That the poor starve ! Let not thy sister ride,
 With PESTILENCE and FAMINE, by thy side !
 But come with VENUS, in thy nervous arms
 Enfolded, radiant with a thousand charms,
 Her lovely head leaned on thy massive chest,
 Her sweet eyes soothing into placid rest
 Thy fiery passions ; while her doves glide through
 The sparkling atmosphere. Bring with thee too
 Thy lovely children, at their mother's side,
 EROS, whose form expands and wings grow wide
 When his sweet brother ANTEROS is near,
 The GOD of tenderest love, and faith sincere,
 With fair HARMONIA clinging to thy neck,
 And breathing music with her glad caresses,
 While the young graces hover round, and deck
 With dew-enjewelled flowers thy loved one's golden tresses.

Let thy harsh wheels roll through Abarimon,
 Where Mount Imaus glitters in the sun,

Throned like a king in solitary state ;
 Make these more rugged and more desolate
 Than frozen Scythian wildernesses ; grind
 To dust the Indian rocks ; and, like the wind,
 Drive thy fleet coursers through the Persian plains,
 And over Bactria's barbarous domains.
 But spare the isles of our beloved Greece,
 And leave them sleeping tranquilly in peace !
 Here, under an old, stately, branching oak,
 Thine altar sendeth to the clouds its smoke,
 Where'er the wolf and hungry vulture breed,
 The magpie and the bold and generous steed.
 We bow in adoration at thy shrine,
 Dark-bearded God, majestic and divine !
 Our incense burning loads the eddying air,
 And thy CYTHERIS joins us in our prayer.
 Wilt thou not listen kindly to the strain
 Which now around our vine-clad hills is pealing,
 For when did Beauty ever sue in vain,
 Even in his sternest mood meekly to Valor kneeling ?

ALBERT PIKE.

THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

BY F. W. SHELTON.

In the catalogue of the recent dead, many will look back with affectionate regret upon the name of THOMAS HOOD. It would be ungrateful not to remember an author who has done so much to captivate our silent hours, and, from the very ills of his own life to inculcate the lessons of cheerfulness and love. When with the continual corruscations of his wit there came also the melancholy token that it hovered over decay, and in the midst of sympathetic smiles the light went out, the tears which followed him vindicated, in his last hour, that he had equal power over both. In some of his latest poetical compositions he may be said to have woven a proper garland for his own grave, and the interest of those who watched his departure, even from this distance over the water, is well represented in those exquisite lines written in the death chamber of a young woman. Thomas Hood is no more. The periodical visitings of his welcome face shall never come again to enhance the pleasures of the winter fireside ; and alas ! the legacy of his winnowed works, rich as it is, testifies rather what he might have been. There was the inherent power to do better things when the occasion should be granted. No man could hold the rank of a professed humorist — which, if force must be applied, is for the most part a melancholy calling — and so well adhere to the legitimate. Not that he always did or could, under such circumstances ; for a compulsory smile will exagge-

* TO THE EDITOR. — The above essay, like the previous one on LAMB, having been somewhat marred in the printing, and interpolated when it first appeared in print, is sent to you in the hope that in its corrected state it may find a place in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER.

rate itself into something broader ; and his best compositions are not the ones which have been the most industriously spread before us. Yet his wit was nearly perennial. In the absence, too, of any grand epic or laborious rhyme, we are prepared to assert that he was a true poet ; we mean in the application of the broadest sense. For it is a degraded sense which transfers the title from the original of some grand idea to the mere mechanic of some regular structure. Give but the power to express, and the conception may take what form you will, yet it shall be called a poem. It may have the shape of an epic or be written in lowliest prose ; be carved in marble, painted on the canvass, touch the heart with the simplicity of a ballad, or with the inwoven harmony of deeper schools. The title is deserved, whether the work be small and unique, or complicate and of grand proportion : Gray's *Elegy* or *Paradise Lost*.

Hood has several times, within a few years, been called great ; a phrase used not inconsiderately nor in vain, though in a sense quite aside from the common. He had *humanity*, which might be considered a first requisite. The finest fancies are not so much from the contact of intellect as the congeniality of *hearts*. Love is always the best creator. Though the bleak vista convey to it no image, it fashions for itself a new heaven and a new earth. Hood's genius began to open and develop itself in the warmth of an affectionate nature. It was all the cherishing which he received. He was not a 'spoiled child.' His hardy flowers struggled upward through the snows. The object of his noblest developments were the sufferings of the needy. If his song ever became fervent, or his reputation sure, it was when he depicted wretchedness in such guise that luxury must blush for shame. A man must first have a *heart* to be a true poet. Like the Chourineur, in Sue's *Romance*, he is prepared for the exercise of his faculties, and his first offerings will be given to the benefactor who assured him of the fact. It is the secret of Wordsworth's slow and glorious triumph, that he considered nothing mean, nothing contemptible, if it were linked with *Humanity*. What lies at the bottom of the reputation of that distinguished poet who wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* ? These men have known how to estimate the unnoticed tear at a costly value, even as the representative of a weight of grief. With a sympathy which drew him in like manner into communion with his fellow-men, Hood's inventive genius began to work. His mind was already full of images and combinations. It was of the nature of a spring, which giving cannot impoverish, but adds a fiercer zest and a peculiar flavor. To be forced or predetermined is death to most men's efforts ; for inspiration comes rarely, and arises out of junctures which are occasional, and cannot be contrived of a man's providence. But out of the ever-present occasion he snatched his hints with marvellous quickness. Every individual point of time was good as an era. Such an one can with difficulty be hackneyed. He could write for his bread and his genius not be discouraged. Its very bread was the want of it. This quickness of conception and abundance is a mark of genius, as a tropical voluptuousness bears witness to the fuller presence of the sun. It was one of the bitternesses of Hood's dying, to be conscious of all the wealth and apparatus of his

mind. If utterance were merely a relief from oppression there was a pang in being utterly precluded. But one may also mourn over the noble thoughts to which he never can give a bold and palpable being. To be full of the lights and tints of a noble picture, and never be able to throw a shadow on the canvass; to be eloquent of heart, yet dumb, and attuned to a sweet accord in every sympathy; to look for the last time on the beautiful universe of God; these fragments of the imagination are in effect *ruins*. That which has not yet been, is mourned over as that which has been lost.

The writings of this author bear witness to a great invention. No man ever said so many 'good things;' which being his by parentage, resemblance and affection, might in all propriety be entitled '*Hood's Own*.' Others have been employed a life-time in collecting the sayings of many which have not equalled the diversified exuberance of one. His works literally sparkle all over like frostwork in the sun. Nor is the general splendor greater than the beauty of the individual gems. Some, it is true, have an inferior or false light, but serve to set off those of an undisputed value. His thoughts were, like Horace's, curiously happy; and their curiosity consisted in their being the *ipsa verba* correspondent with the idea. The thought itself being fetched from a far distance, as if by a charm, the seldom-called-for, overjoyed word left its place in the vocabulary, and hastened to a happy union. The right elements must have been present, for the contagion of happiness spread. The broad tokens of approbation were too immediate to be other than the spontaneous tribute of intrinsic worth. You could not bear the good things to pass away with the subsidence of the first smile, but caused them to reappear, and pass in review, as a boy permits sweet morsels to linger and loiter on his tongue. '*Hood's Own*' were not for an Areopagite judgment, to be held off and scrutinized with a calm, implacable mind, and pronounced upon in due season. Your judge leaped the barrier of all principles; the statement and verdict went together. No more difference than between the hit and the flash. It is to deny wit or pathos with slow arguments, if smiles and tears have broke out already in advance. It is a mistake to suppose that the greater part of Hood's merit consists in verbal quibbles and happiness of that nature. These served *his* turn; never *he* theirs. What came in his way he levelled at with a keen eye, but he did not thrash the bushes.

Hood made puns, but puns did not make Hood. Indeed he redeemed this art, the history of which, with those who have acquired infamy by it, might fill a new paper in the next edition of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*.' Cicero set forth some bad pretensions. Horace could not prostitute the Latin language to any thing so *infra dig.* Ovid's attempt, as he set forward to the town of Tomi, was so bad that it is good, and so good that it evanescenced in utterance, and cannot now be told. Nero began by amusing himself in this way, and at last became hardened to what bloody work! It is said that a subject of Queen Zenobia was charged with perpetrating a thing of this kind, and she consulted her prime minister Longinus, who deemed him worthy of death. This is nearly the history of the art down to *Quid rides*. Then it took a new start, and by force of that very sneer set every body

riding it (some few *de-riding*) as a hobby. Then the great Dr. Johnson, by a single burst of dogmatism, overwhelmed it with contempt. A few stragglers kept up the succession; the Prince, Beau Brummel, and his surrounding wits, brought to light a few novelties, and the last Apollo, Canning, in this way sometimes relaxed his bow. The Latin *punio* and English *punish* are similarly derived; and another *Punicum bellum* we hope the world will never again witness. A mere verbal pun, like the above, is the baldest invention; it only lies in the coincidence of sound. A better kind is that which arises out of a coincidence in thought or comparison. Hood's worst perpetrations (if any can be called even bad) are but the wayside talk by which he beguiles the time until he conducts you to something beautiful. Mark his words in that somewhat melancholy 'Inaugural' written in his last illness, wherein he recommends a cheerful philosophy: 'How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness? By what other agency could I have transported myself, as a cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grinage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case. Indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted I would look on the bright side of every thing. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale. *There was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets.*' And what says he of his own person? 'The very fingers, so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the *ills* that *flesh* is heir to. My coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body.' . . . 'But the best fence against care is a 'Ha! ha!' Let your 'lungs crow like chanticleer,' and as like a *game-cock* as possible. Smiles are tolerated by the very pinks of politeness; and a *laugh* is but the *full-blown flower* of which a *smile* is the *bud*.'

Grotesqueness, for the most part, is looked on by a Janus-face; outward plaudits are in proportion to the inward silence and contempt. But here are trifles which lead you not to turn away from the harlequin, but to come up and grasp the hand of the *man*. What the cynic would sneer at is the irrepressible freshness of a heart glad as a child, who leaps and laughs on his way to those hard tasks which he will presently turn into a pleasure. Better is the luxury which bears trimming, than the beggary which cannot be supplied. The great Shakespeare, when he has accomplished the triumph of some of his noblest parts, sports through a variety of scenes with a careless assurance, as if he had the right. We say that the *beautiful* is expressed by the general action as well as by the set phrase. True genius shows in this way the symptoms of its perpetual youth:

Νεα γὰρ φροντίς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φίλει.

Thus much may be said of 'The Comic Annual,' and those many 'good things,' trifles which are not trifles, since they arise out of and

are sure to reach the kindly heart. We put stress on something beside this. Our author has wrought out some creations of small bulk, but of grand conception. We speak of them as fraught with the same expression as the 'Dying Gladiator' at Rome. He has represented the PEOPLE, as one body, in the throes of that suffering which has so long racked the frame, the big muscle of English labor swelled to the utmost tension, a picture of gigantic agony. We have not the work at hand, nor have we seen it for a year; but carry a distinct impression of its energy, with scarce the remembrance of a word. We know that it was the picture of a man, a something gaunt and terrible in the boldness of outline, asserting in sepulchral monotone a right to live by virtue of hard labor, betwixt 'the day-light and dark.' To conceive a clear image of man's distress is to put one in another's stead, and to follow afar off the grandest example on record. The poor cannot speak; or, could he, there would be nothing so convincing as the coldness of his hearth-side and the silent eloquence of his despair. That would present only an instance; but the poet can embody a universal suffering, and excite an active pity over the whole realm. The majesty of art is proudly vindicated, and no theme has grander elements than the convulsive struggling of the POOR. If all who have a reputation to gain in literature would do as much for this class as Thomas Hood! His very smiles are nothing but the light of heaven beautifully shining through his tears. There is no antagonism; dew and sunshine sparkle together on the same leaf. It is the union of nature. A beam shed on a globule reflects a little world of gorgeous scenery, and a heart must be brim-full to mirror the more perfect images of joy. Does not Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' with his other writings, illustrate this? Can one chirrup like the grasshopper, to which Anacreon has written his Ode, without being similarly fed? We find that the realms of mirth and pathos are, for the most part, ruled over by the same potencies. He who could go into so fantastic a discourse upon 'buttons' indited Le Fevre's tender story, and that Tale of a Prisoner, of which the burden is: 'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.'

An 'Ode to Melancholy' is before us, which, had the author written nothing else, would have entitled him to the name of poet. It is a master-piece of artful contrivance, whereby the rhyme and rhythm are so arranged, by an inflection of exquisite melody, as to accord with the fitful changing, sighs, and whimpering of a half sick heart. The rise and falling are beautiful as a wind-harp's; the vibrations of the dying note almost impalpably fine. Rather we might compare the effect of it to a day in April. First a gleam of sunshine driven away by hurrying clouds; then a short gusty sobbing, with a few rain-drops; then a wrestling of opposite winds, and eddying of the dry leaves; and, without any great violence, fickle and changeful throughout:

'On, clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this!
Forgive, if somewhere I forget
In wo to come the present bliss:

As frightened PROSERPINE let fall
 Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
 Even so the dark and bright will kiss,
 The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
*And there is even a happiness
 That makes the heart afraid!*

‘Now let us with a spell invoke
 The full-orbed moon to grieve our eyes;
 Not bright, not bright, but with a cloud
 Lapped all about her, let her rise
 All pale and dim, as if from rest
 The ghost of the late buried sun
 Had crept into the skies.
 The moon! She is the source of sighs,
 The very face to make us sad;
 If but to think in other times
 The same calm quiet look she had,
 As if the world held nothing base
 Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
 The same fair light that shone in streams,
 The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;
 For so it is with spent delights,
 She taunts men’s brains, and makes them mad.

‘All things are touched with melancholy,
 Born of the secret soul’s mistrust,
 To feel her fair ethereal wings
 Weighed down with vile degraded dust;
 Even the bright extremes of joy
 Bring in conclusions of disgust,
 Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
 Whose fragrance ends in must.
 Oh, give her then her tribute just,
 Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
 There is no music in the life
 That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
 There’s not a string attuned to mirth
 But has its chords of Melancholy.’

Much as our author has written, he has perhaps suggested more, and so fulfilled the idea which we had conceived of a high creative faculty. There is no end of the lights and reflections of a true work; with the first inspiration breathed into it there is the inherent principle of a new life. Every thing grand in art is a conception begotten from something previously grand. If we see bridges, battlements and gorgeous scenery among the accidental coals of a winter’s hearth, each according to his degree of fancy, what a temple of beauty may be built, like magic, by intenser scrutiny into the fires of Genius! That is after all a dead work which does not so expand the mind of the beholder as to carry it somewhat beyond the circumference of itself. In how small a compass may be clasped the works of Shakspeare; yet how illimitably does he carry us beyond the sphere to which his scenes are restricted! What ‘spirits’ does he conjure from the ‘vasty deep!’ Every great man is his debtor; and this forms part of immortality. The parent lives in his latest progeny.

In conclusion, we believe that the writings of Hood are not doomed to perish; they are too nearly allied to the spirit of that humanity which he loved. We may say of him, in his own words at the grave of ‘Elia:’ ‘However much of him has departed, there is still more of him that cannot die; for as long as humanity endures and man holds fellowship with man, his spirit will still be extant.’ We will add that he has left behind him a name transcending even that of a poet:
 THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Sitting by the evening firelight,
When the work of day is done,
And the golden clouds have faded
From the pathway of the sun :

When the stars shine forth in heaven,
And the moon mounts o'er the hill,
Struggling through the flying vapors,
Borne upon the sea-breeze chill :

When I draw my arm-chair nearer
To the blaze upon the hearth,
Brighter glow the fires of memory
Than the burning coals of earth.

Voices from the gloom seem speaking
Of the groups of long-ago,
Who, when evening shades descended,
Gathered to its cheerful glow.

Wide o'er lands and oceans scattered,
Life's rude tempests now they brave,
Or, with the dark struggle weary,
Slumber in the peaceful grave.

With the years all romance leaves us ;
Boyhood's mountains are but hills,
And the streams we fished for trout in
Are but streams for turning mills.

Waves that whispered low and wildly
Only tales of sunny lands,
Tell of dangers on the ocean,
Wrecks upon its hidden sands.

'T is for this I love the hearth-stone,
Where, when winter storms are wild,
I may ever find a shelter,
Be in dreams once more a child.

And the fire-light flashing, gleaming,
Laughing at the winter's cold,
Ever welcomes me at evening
With a friendship as of old.

As we hear old Ocean's murmurs
In each shell upon the shore,
So from her deep caverns memory
Wakes the echoes evermore.

G. C. E.

T H E O L D T I M E S .

BY G. D. STUART.

Let them praise the old times, praise them all who may,
With their racks and gibbets, seeking but to slay,
With their swords and cannon, holding bloody sway;
Still the world keeps wagging, wagging on its way,
Surely growing better, wiser every day,
Spite what bigot doubters otherwise may say.

Let them praise the old times, with their cursing creeds,
With their feudal tyrants and their slaughter deeds,
With their millions trampled under foot like reeds;
Still the world keeps wagging, onward still proceeds,
Giving light for darkness, charities for greeds,
Growing better, wiser as the past recedes.

Let them praise the old times, when the tongue was tied,
When the thought was shackled, else was crucified,
When the sword was master, and might deified;
Still the world keeps wagging since good JESU died,
Growing better, wiser, spite of bigot's pride,
Better spite of slander, wiser though belied.

Let them praise the old times, praise them all who can,
With their sneer at progress, making slave of man,
With their crowns and crosiers stalking in the van;
Still the world keeps wagging, running as it ran,
Spite of kingly cursing, spite of priestly ban,
Growing better, wiser with its lengthened span.

Let them praise the old times, when, for JESUS' sake,
Heretics filled dungeons, fed the block and stake;
When the blood of martyrs flowed in freedom's wake;
Still the world keeps wagging, wagging—it shall break
One by one man's fetters, bidding tyrants quake;
Lovers of the old times the most of them should make.

Let them praise the old times—I am for the new;
For the times that welcome aught that's good or true;
Times that can defend themselves 'gainst the bigot's view;
For the world keeps wagging, spite the sneering crew
Who would pin to whipping-posts surely me and you,
If, as in the old times, they their will could do.

Let them have the old times; give the new to me,
When the hand is braver, and the tongue more free;
When knowledge maketh empire in heaven, earth and sea;
When science is not scoffed, whatever it may be;
When NEWTON, more than pope or king, is dear to you and me,
And FULTON, with his head of steam and scanty pedigree.

Let them have their old time, mumbling over beads,
With knowledge in the cloisters and freedom choked by creeds;
Give to me the new, with its steam and lightning steeds,
With hearts for braver triumphs and hands for braver deeds,
Which follows not a beaten path, but venturously leads,
And evermore, by faith and will, in what it dares succeeds.

Let them have their old times, praise them as they may,
When the many only knew to suffer and obey,
When the highest lesson taught was ever 'fast and pray';
Still the world keeps wagging, wagging on its way,
Surely growing better, wiser every day,
Spite what bigot doubters otherwise may say.

TALES OF THE BACK PARLOR.

NUMBER ONE: CONCLUDED.

ASCENDING a flight of stone-steps guarded on either side by two ferocious images, we entered the wide doorway, which swung open at our approach. In the spacious hall into which we were ushered we found the countess herself, who graciously extended to us a welcome which contrasted strangely with the antiquated formality which had been thus far observed. It was a welcome, too, widely differing from that which usually greets the stranger on entering a lordly dwelling in our own time. It was of that free and generous nature, that open and cordial character, which dispels all backwardness and reserve, and places the guest as much at his ease as if he were entering the mansion of his father. Our own age may be in advance of the days of Richard and Saladin in literature, science and art; it may boast of cultivated and tempered refinement, but in my opinion it has proportionately retrograded in genuine, unaffected hospitality.

The countess possessed a remarkable face and figure. Though somewhat advanced in life, her features betrayed none of the marks of long-flown years. The lustre of her eye was yet unfaded, and her neatly-gathered locks were still as thick and glossy as in the days of her maidenhood. She was rather above the usual height, firm and erect in her carriage, and proud and haughty in her air and mien. Not a single article of modern apparel was upon her person; her weeds of mourning were not yet laid aside, but they were cut and fitted in a fashion which I had never seen before.

The furniture and decorations of the room into which we were immediately ushered were such as might have been expected in a building where no invasion had been made upon its antiquity within the memory of its oldest tenant. The room itself was apparently used as the parlor, or rather what we would call the sitting-room of the family; for it was large and commodious, though somewhat cold and gloomy. The

wainscot was of black and solid wood, set in thick and heavy panels; the door was of ponderous size and swung upon four hinges, which had been laboriously brought to their brightest polish. Some old pictures, chiefly of landscape and hunting scenes, hung from the walls in curiously-carved and gilded frames, while a set of large and cumbrous chairs rested their clawed feet upon the cold and polished floor.

The conversation commenced upon the objects of interest which we had visited during our tour, in regard to which the countess displayed a fund of various and instructive information. She had visited in her younger days the most interesting portions of Germany; and having associated with some of the most ancient families, had thus acquired some entertaining knowledge of their fortunes and history. Throwing aside that air of reserved formality which usually characterized her, she discoursed freely on those topics which she soon discovered were most in accordance with my taste and disposition. Like most ladies, however, in her station, she prided herself upon the antiquity of her family, and in speaking of others would often incidentally allude to it with an expression of conscious dignity that forcibly contrasted with the urbanity of her general deportment.

'Since you are so fond,' she said, 'of examining the fortified habitations of those who, like my ancestors, have preferred to live by glorious but profitless turmoil rather than cultivate the less dangerous but humbler arts of peace, perhaps an inspection of the various apartments of the castle which you are in may serve to agreeably diversify an hour or two before dining. You will find it not entirely devoid of interest, for the house of Ivenskoff has had its fights and its forays, its secret passages and its dungeons of torture. Beside, too, we are not without supernatural visitants, it is said, and they must of course have their exclusive apartments. Our major-domo, however, understands these things much better than myself; for he has been in the service of the family for many years, and takes a peculiar pleasure in being esteemed the oracle of its local history. You shall have the benefit of his company, as well as of his information.'

I gladly acceded to the proposal, and in a few moments the old servant appeared, with a ponderous bunch of old-fashioned keys dangling from his arm. His appearance corroborated the remark of the countess that he had been long connected with the household, as well as the suspicion that he was not unacquainted with the contents of the larder and cellar. He had also a look of communicative familiarity which especially recommended him to my respect and attention.

Leading the way, he conducted us through the main hall and up a circular flight of sand-stone stairs imbedded in solid masonry. On either side of the passage-way leading through the second story were ranged apartments of various sizes, which were formerly used as lodging-rooms. Many of them had not been occupied for years, but the furniture in each was carefully arranged, as if a visitor were daily expected. Some were hung with dark and sombre drapery, and others with hangings of a brighter and more cheerful hue; but the windows to all were in the shape of double arches, and admitted through the diamond panes a soft and mellowed coloring. Now and then our guide

would stop and inform us what princess or what distinguished guest had last honored the room in which we happened to be with their presence, and particularly if there chanced to be any incident or strange marvel connected with any one of them, we were sure of hearing it duly garnished and expounded. 'There was the place,' for instance, 'where the baron, many years before, had made a trial of strength with a knight who had defied him before the gates, and challenged him to an encounter; but the crafty baron persuaded him to meet him with his sword in this chamber, and here they fought for three hours before the antagonist of the baron was slain.' The old man pointed to some discolored spots on the floor, and affirmed undoubtingly that they were occasioned by the blood of the conquered knight. He would have gone into a minute narrative of the whole quarrel, and commented on the points of honor which were at stake, had not we signified our inclination to proceed.

We came at last to a large room pleasantly situated toward the south and west, but strangely hung in drapery of the deepest sable. The major-domo shuddered as he applied the heavy key to the lock and forced the door to swing back slowly upon its hinges.

'It is the room,' said he, 'where the old baron died. Strange lights were seen at his death-bed and terrible shrieks of laughter, mingled with mournful moans, were heard as he was struggling in his death throes. The bell of the chapel tolled of itself as he died, and at midnight on every dark and stormy night since, it strikes as it struck full twenty years ago. Others have seen his spirit too, standing on the tower toward the westward, but the blessed Virgin protect me from so terrible a sight. Masses have long been sung for his soul by the abbot of Saint Mary's, but it is to be feared that his spirit is troubled and restless yet.'

He closed the door carefully, as we passed the door way and soon conducted us to the tower which he had mentioned. The prospect which it commanded was most enchanting; the mist of the morning had entirely cleared away and the view of the whole country, with its quiet villages and its pretty villas, its luxuriant vineyards and its undulating fields, teeming with spontaneous profusion was spread out like a map before us. We had a fine opportunity also of surveying the architecture of the castle itself; it apparently belonged to no particular century, but seemed like a union of the tastes of the several ages combined. There were the tall gables and the high pinnacles, which were so much admired in the earlier days of the fourteenth century, while the rich and fantastically-shaped windows which ornamented the southern wing, indicated that it had experienced the benefit of the more elaborate taste, which characterized the structures of the century which immediately succeeded the Reformation. Below us, rose the walls, surmounted by small turrets, which were furnished with loopholes for the discharge of bolts upon the assailants in case of an attack. The sentinel still paced his lonely walk, but not with that air of watchful vigilance which might have been seen in those who stood at the same post just two centuries before.

We mutually expressed our delight at the varied scene which was

presented to the eye from this commanding situation, and turned reluctantly to descend. I observed that the major-domo seemed little inclined to linger longer than to satisfy our curiosity, and attributing his backwardness to his superstitious fears, I could not refrain from complimenting in a jesting way the taste which the old Baron's spirit displayed in selecting a position so eligible for his midnight observations.

'Hist,' whispered the old servant, as he crossed himself thrice: 'It is not safe to provoke the spirits of the dead, and he was a dark and terrible man.'

We passed through several winding and circuitous passages, upon whose walls the moisture had collected, and was now dripping upon the floor. Stopping now and then to examine some curiously contrived angle in the complicated structure of the building, or to observe the diversified features of the landscape, tinted with different shades and colors, when seen through the stained panes of the windows, I observed that our guide as we were conducted through a lonely corridor, passed a heavy door thickly studded with bolts and hung on hinges of ponderous weight. I inquired for what the apartment was used and why we were not admitted. He informed me that within his memory it had never been entered by any one except by the countess, and she visited it only on some particular nights in the year, and then for secluded devotion. It was built, so I learned from the date on the wall, in the days of Halbert, the first baron of Ivenskoff, who attended, it is said, the Council of Clermont, and joined in the enthusiasm and sufferings of the wandering Peter. On his return from Palestine, it was used as a private chapel, but after his death it was closed to every one except to the inheritors of the baronial estate and name. A sad tradition, the major-domo said, was connected with the circumstance of its being closed, but what it was, strange to relate, he would not inform us, and when questioned more closely, maintained an inflexible silence. Perceiving that on this subject he was as reserved as on others he was tiringly garrulous, we were compelled to satisfy our curiosity by useless surmises and unsatisfactory conjectures.

After visiting the extensive cellars of the castle, which were stored with old wines of the richest flavor, as well as with some rusting vestiges of feudal rigor, we returned to the oaken parlor where we found the countess quietly engaged on a piece of embroidery, after the fashion of ladies of her rank in the days of love and gallantry.

It was now quite late in the afternoon, and we were ushered into the feasting hall, which had so often reëchoed to the song of riotous revelry. It had never been altered, but was as spacious, as cold and as gloomy as when the first hunting party collected within it, to pledge their successful lord in claret and brandy. The walls were variously decorated with the branching antlers of the stag and with the grinning tusks of the boar; here and there hung the black and shaggy skin of the wolf, with the savage teeth still bristling from the gaping jaws; while spears and lances, cross-bows and long swords, shields and helmets, were profusely interspersed among the trophies of the chase. There was also a complete suit of Eastern armor, which had been preserved in the

family for many years, and which had been brought home by Sir Halbert on his return from Palestine.

The servants received us in a long line as we entered, and the major-domo bowed most elaborately, as my friend conducted the countess to her seat. I had expected an unusual display of hospitality, but was surprised at the sight of the tables. There was a profusion for a famished regiment; flesh of almost every known animal, and the breasts of almost every feathered fowl. Most of the dishes were dressed in a style which I had never met with in my travels, but which to the taste far exceeded in delicacy any thing that I had ever seen. The Countess, her relative and myself were the only persons who appeared to partake of it; but far up and down the table were placed salvers and ewers, as if the company of a host was expected. I ascertained afterward, that our visit had happened to be on the anniversary of her marriage, the commemoration of which event she thus singularly and faithfully observed. The service of the table was of massive silver; it had evidently been molten in foreign crucibles and ornamented by foreign tools; they were covered too, with hieroglyphics which I could not decipher, and with designs that I could not understand. I felt my antiquarian spirit rising, but my attention was diverted by the repeated calls of a vigorous appetite, rendered none the blunter by our cool ride in the morning mist, and to this day I am ignorant of their mysterious import.

After the successive courses had been finished, which I will not attempt to enumerate, but of which he who has dined at the *table d'hôte* of a German hotel, can form some conception, wines were produced in heavy pitchers of curious workmanship, but in keeping with the rest of the furniture of the table. It was quite late when we rose, and I fear that my friend and myself became somewhat garrulous; for I talked long, and I fancied profoundly upon ruins and antiquities, genealogies and hereditary titles, to all of which, however, the countess listened with patient and lady-like attention, occasionally correcting my inaccuracies, or detecting the complete history of some legendary occurrence, which I had blunderingly attempted to relate. Again the deep goblets were filled to the brim, and draining wine in a style which I remembered was peculiar to knights when originating a gallant sentence, I wished our hostess a period of longevity, only rivalled by that of Methusaleh.

The evening wore away in delightful conversation. It seemed to me that all the natural reserve which a stranger usually feels before the lapse of a few days has fairly *domesticated* him, had entirely left me. I never was esteemed unusually gifted in verbal fluency, but on this occasion I felt so uncommonly communicative, that my friend, who was aware of my general character, was utterly confounded.

Toward the close of the evening, an immense vessel of German beer was introduced, which was recommended by the Countess as excellent before retiring to bed. At the same time she related how many flagons were drank in the old baronial hall of the castle on the night of her marriage, and assured us, good naturedly, that she would have repeated one of the songs that were sung on the occasion, had our visit

happened only a few years earlier. Fearing that I should be outdone by our hostess in the contest of agreeability, and dreading a consciousness of mental, as well as corporeal indebtedness, I rallied my memory, and marshalled forth all the marvellous events that had slumbered from boyhood in my brain. In return, however, I was repaid by a description of all the mysterious occurrences that had ever transpired within the history of the castle. As she proceeded, my interest became rapidly excited. The remembrance of the heavy-studded door, which our guide had said was never opened, flashed upon me as she was describing some of the localities of the building, and I was burning to inquire into the secret history of the room which it closed. It was too delicate a subject, I was conscious, to be broached rudely. Once I alluded to it, but the question was so adroitly avoided, that I was discouraged from urging it farther.

Perhaps it was owing to the copious potations of ale and wines that I had taken, but that was impossible; or to the associations which were excited by the consciousness of being within a building of which startling tales were related; but as the night advanced, I experienced some unusual sensations. I am not timid or superstitious, but I felt like a child who has been reading the story of Blue Beard, or listening to the cruelties of the Seven-Leagued Giant. I was like the boy who wished to see the Devil, but was in momentary fear that he would present himself before him.

It wanted hardly an hour of midnight, when I requested to retire to my chamber. It was situated at the extremity of a long and intricate passage-way, and at a distance from what might be called the main body of the building. It was a large and airy apartment, with windows opening toward a range of high hills on one side, and a broad sweep of cultivated acres on the other. The furniture was of the oldest and most antiquated kind. Tall and cumbrous posts supported each corner of the bedstead, carved all over by some laborious artist, who had consummated his conception by converting the ends into twisting and writhing serpents. The counterpane was the product of no modern loom, but the slow result of patient and untiring industry. The needlework was of a rare and exquisite quality; and the flowers and birds, which were quaintly wrought with variously colored silks, testified also to the taste of its maker. Several large and awkward chairs, with stuffed seats and backs, were ranged at regular intervals beneath the casements, whose color corresponded well with the gloomy hue of the cold and uncarpeted floor. The walls had assumed a dingy shade from age and dampness; but several fine pictures were hung from them, among which appeared to be several family portraits. There was one old gentleman with a ruddy, good humored face, and powdered wig, who was stationed next to an animated hunting scene. I imagined that there was some connexion between the two, and after examining them farther, I detected, as I fancied, a resemblance between the old gentleman in question and the foremost rider of a dashing party in the stag-chase.

Several ladies, with high turbans and short plaited sleeves, came next in order, who were designed undoubtedly by the artist, in the plenitude

of his imagination, to be models of beauty and affability, but unfortunately an eye squinted in one, a nose with a celestial tendency in another, and a projecting tusk in a third, completely destroyed the effect of the rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, which he had probably gratuitously bestowed upon all. There was also a knight in full armor, who looked impatiently down from his cumbrous frame, as if eager to escape from his confinement. This portrait was of extraordinary merit. The black and shaggy hair waving from under the heavy helmet, the deep, fiery, and lustrous eye, and the dark nut-brown complexion, had been sketched by no unpractised limner. It made the blood fly more quickly, and the pulse to palpitate more nervously, to look upon it. The lips were slightly parted, and in that solitary chamber I almost feared that they would utter one of their accustomed challenges.

I turned from this toward the next, which hung directly over the mantel-piece. It was the portrait of a female, of transcendent beauty; a beauty too which belonged to no northern clime. The eyes were deep, animated, and passionate; the mouth slightly and delicately arched, indicative of firmness, tempered with lamb-like submission. Her hair was drawn back from the forehead, as if with the intention of displaying its fulness and classical prominence, and from the parting on either side the auburn curls fell upon her bared shoulders in the carelessness of negligent profusion. A simple ornament hung from either ear, and a band of pearls was tastefully arranged upon her forehead. Her complexion was darker than that which is usually to be seen among ladies in our rigorous climate; but there was a richness to its coloring, which contrasted well with the snowy whiteness of her drapery.

Upon this portrait the artist had apparently lavished his utmost skill. His genius had caught the animated yet somewhat saddened expression of the features, and had transferred it with startling truthfulness to the canvass. It was impossible to avoid the conviction that the original had experienced some misfortune, which had brooded like a cloud over her existence. There was nothing which indicated any connexion between this portrait and that of the dark knight in armor; but I felt assured that the fortunes of the two had had a mutual dependence, and that perhaps the same circumstances had produced the stern haughtiness in the features of the one, and the melancholy sadness in the countenance of the other.

The drapery of the picture belonged to a distant age, and to a distant country. It was light, flowing, and graceful. A wreath of silken gauze was slightly confined with a single sparkling brooch, and was then suffered to fall in voluptuous folds over the plaits of her satin bodice. A loop of golden threads supported the weight of the flowing sleeve, a bracelet of glittering brilliants shone on either wrist, while in her jewelled fingers she held a golden crucifix, attached to a chain of pearls thrown carelessly round her neck.

After thus surveying my apartment, I drew one of the stuffed chairs toward the pleasant fire, which had been lighted in order to render the room more cheerful, and to remove the unpleasant chill of the evening air. As is my custom when travelling, I drew a volume of Shakspeare from my pocket, and opened it at random, hoping to become soon suf-

ficiently drowsy to overcome the excitement of my imagination. The first sentence which struck my eye was the wild exclamation of Macbeth as he is confronted by the ghost of Banquo. I turned hastily over a few pages further, but rested at the more revolting confessions of Lady Macbeth, as she looks in her restless slumbers for the stains on her guilty hands. I turned again, but the types and the pages seemed to have changed their places, and involved themselves in inextricable confusion. Determined not to be disappointed, I patiently waited for them to resume their proper position, when

‘Look, my lord, it comes!’

floated before my eyes in blazing capitals; and the ghost of Hamlet appeared before me as vividly as on the night when I last saw it played at the Haymarket. I gave up in despair, and hastily undressing myself, extinguished my light and sprang into the bed-clothes.

The fire had almost burned down, but now and then the glowing coals would start into a bright flame, and then as suddenly expire. I had left, too, the upper part of the eastern casement unclosed, and the light of the moon, struggling through the dark clouds, which an approaching storm drove hurriedly across its disc, played in fantastic figures upon the old portraits on the gloomy wall. If a person is in the least imaginative, he will find himself unconsciously indulging in a thousand fancies as he irresistibly gazes upon a pile of glowing embers. My position enabled me to look directly into the open fire-place, and as a natural consequence, all the knights in chivalry filed out in panoply before me. Some were clad in mail, of a bright and dazzling polish; others were concealed in black armor, and mounted upon steeds as black and as furious as their riders. Then giants and strange monsters strode across the hearth, in changing shapes for an instant, and then dissolved in wreaths of curling smoke and flame. Again all was gone, and then a dazzling tournament was before me. Steel-clad knights were charging in the lists, and ladies were waving their fair hands on the raised platform around. Suddenly the combatants met, horses and riders were thrown to the earth, a cloud of dust rose over the vanquished and the victors, and horses, champions, and ladies, were vanished from my view!

These phantasmagoria became at last so painful that I closed my eyes and endeavored to shut out the wearying sight. But it seemed impossible to avoid opening them. I resolutely shut the lids, changed my position, and in a moment I found myself watching a feudal fray or a knightly tourney. I turned at length toward the portrait of the beautiful lady, which for the moment I had forgotten, in the hope, that when my attention was diverted, that my nerves would become more quiet, and that I should obtain some sleep. It was in the position most favorable for receiving the varying rays of light which emanated from the bright coals upon the hearth-stone. The features seemed more serenely beautiful than when I had observed them before. At one moment, a bright glow would seem to suffuse the soft cheeks and the high forehead, and then as the flame faded and flickered, they wore the same mournful cast as before. Sometimes, I thought that the delicate lip

seemed to quiver, and the thin nostril to dilate, but the light and shade varied and I saw by what I had been deceived; again I fancied, that the airy drapery trembled as the breast throbbed with some secret emotion, but it was only an illusion and I smiled at my own foolishness.

But there was a strange fascination in that full, deep and lustrous eye which I could not resist. It looked fixedly at me with a steadiness that seemed to read my very soul; I tried to oppose its influence, but the effort was useless. The more I persuaded myself that it was a painting, the more I was convinced that it was a reality. No artist could have imparted that burning, searching gaze to a senseless and inanimate canvass. I felt that it was a *LIVING EYE*.

My nerves shook as with an electric shock when I distinctly saw the long lashes move; the lips slightly part, and the whole features assume a quiet and pleasant smile. 'T is only a strange dream,' I murmured, 'why cannot I shake it off,' but the charm still continued and the lady smiled yet more sweetly again.

How long this continued I do not know, my agitation and excitement were so great, that it seemed to me countless hours. The drapery at length nestled; the picture descended from the heavy frame and stood erect before me. I was paralyzed with fear, but still I was entranced with the loveliness of the object which caused it. I tried to speak, but my tongue refused utterance, my power of volition was gone, and I surrendered myself to the influence of the enchantress. She approached toward me. Her features wore a look of commanding firmness, and placing a finger upon her lip, she motioned to me to rise. Incapable of resistance, I mechanically obeyed. What her purpose was, or for what I was to be employed, I could not conceive. Not a word had been spoken, and I felt that by disturbing the silence, some terrible consequence would ensue. I would have broken the charm which bound me, for the agony that I suffered was inexpressible, but the influence which was over me was not mortal, and I was as powerless as the fledgling when in the fascination of the serpent.

She turned toward the wall and cautiously tapped it thrice. A door swung heavily open and disclosed a dark and loathsome vault. She fixed upon me one of her indescribable glances and sprang lightly upon the threshold, I followed her while the cold perspiration covered me with a clammy dampness and my hair bristled with superstitious fear; the door closed upon me, and in profound darkness I groped my way down a narrow stair-case. We descended till we came to the very foundations of the castle. A door admitted us into a dark and narrow passage built of solid masonry, and cold and chilling from the damp and confined atmosphere. The lady stopped at the entrance, and lighting a blazing torch, raised it above her head and carried it rapidly before her. I now saw with horror the place that I was in. Low vaults were on either side, closed with heavy iron doors, which swung back with a mournful creak as the glare of the torch fell upon their ponderous padlocks, but the instant that we passed them they closed again with a deafening clang which echoed and reëchoed, till the senses were stunned with the sharpness of the peals. The lady fearlessly proceeded by these repositories of the dead, waving occasionally her torch in

triumph, as a grim skeleton started from his deathly slumber, and smiling as sweetly as if she was receiving the less terrible homage of the living. We turned a sharp angle at the end of the corridor and came to the foot of a pile of rude steps built around a massive stone pillar which supported the masonry above. The lady extinguished her torch, when instantly the ceiling opened, and we ascended until we gained the upper floor; the light of the apartment was so intense that for a moment I could not distinguish a single object, so sudden had been the change from almost impenetrable darkness to blazing brilliancy. It was not until I had followed my mysterious conductress to the middle of the room, which I did by an irresistible impulse, that I was enabled to look around me. I WAS IN THE SECRET CHAPEL. A glare, brighter than the sun at noon-day, filled the whole chamber, but from whence it proceeded I could not tell. The whole air seemed to be luminous, and every object seemed to irradiate light. Fluted pillars surmounted by caps of elaborate workmanship, supported the arches of the ceiling. High arched windows with panes of the richest hues, reflected the light in a thousand mingled shades and colorings upon the tastefully tessellated floor. Images of angels with wings outspread, held in one hand chaplets of roses and laurel, and in the other, the ends of burnished rods, over which drooped in graceful folds golden fringed drapery of crimson and purple. Statues of saints stood in solemn attitudes in the niches of the wall, and from blazing censers raised on lofty pedestals, rolled out colored clouds of intoxicating perfumes.

The chancel and the altar were raised above the floor upon which I stood, and were furnished with magnificent decorations. A picture of the SAVIOUR on the cross with the crown of thorns plaited upon his bleeding brow and the nails in his extended limbs, was suspended above the sacred receptacle for the host. The Madonna was kneeling at his feet, with arms extended, and her face averted in expressive agony, while the earth around appeared to be in the convulsive throes of nature, and the graves seemed to be giving forth their dead. I looked about me and was bewildered; thought and reason were gone, and my head whirled in dizzy amazement. The whole scene was in an instant burned into my memory and branded indelibly into my brain.

More inexpressibly lovely, than any thing upon which eye ever rested, was the mysterious lady as she gently took the band of pearls from her forehead; threw back the clustering curls upon her shoulders and kneeling, bowed to the Holy Virgin. She rose, and the sound of music as if from a thousand golden harps, sweeter than the dying echo of the nightingale's song, and more melodious than the hushed whispers of angels trembled upon the air. The strains ceased, and from the altar blazed a ring of fire of a brilliant crimson hue. The same sweet smile sparkled from her eye and played upon her features, as the lady placed herself by my side, and extending her bared arm, pointed toward the altar.

My trepidation was vanished; a wild exhilaration fired my blood and coursed furiously through my veins. Fearless and determined, I sprang upon the marble steps and stood upon the chancel. Within the circle of fire I saw a roll of parchment, around which the flames

were playing with devouring fury. A sudden impulse directed me to seize it. My hand grasped it, but the fire hissed and scorched my flesh. Again I made the attempt, but the instant that I grasped the roll the building shook from its foundations, wild, unearthly shrieks filled the air, and above the confusion tolled the solemn tones of the castle bell. The flame rose higher as it fed itself upon my wrist. Exhausted and excruciated with pain, I drew back from the altar. The shrieks ceased, but a wail more piercing than that of the mother over the bier of her first-born, more touching than the cry of the robin for the loss of her nestlings, struck upon my ear. I turned; but that face of unearthly agony is still before me now! Nerved to desperation, I sprang forward, snatched with one powerful effort the parchment from the flame, and bore it triumphantly to the lady. Breathlessly she grasped it, and rent it into a thousand strips. Again the bright light filled the room; the lady cast upon me her sweetest smile of gratitude, and countless harmonious voices, in a joyful chant, burst forth into one united peal:

‘HAIL to thee, lady!
The charm is now broken:
Hail to thee, lady!

Lo! see the bright token!
Thy penance is finished, thy pilgrimage o’er;
The canker of sorrow shall know thee no more:
No longer shalt thou in solitude tread
The vaults where the charnel-worm feasts on the dead;
Where the spirits of evil revelling sing
Blood-chilling orgies round their phantom flame king;
Where the cold clammy drops in trickling veins pour
Their mouldering dew on the bone-scattered floor;
And the night-breezes sigh, as sighing they sweep
Past the chambers where, tortured, no spirit can sleep.

‘Thy penance is finished!—thy doom did declare
That thy soul unhalloved the tortures should bear
Of those for whose spirits no masses are said,
No sweet incense offered, no ritual read,
Till a stranger in silence bowed to thy power,
Trod the mouldering vaults at the still midnight hour,
And fearlessly seized from the altar’s bright flame
The scroll that recorded thy ill-fated name:
Thrice hast thou failed; at last thou hast won!
Hail to thee, lady! thy redemption has come.

Hail to thee, lady!
The charm is now broken:
Hail to thee, lady!
Lo! see the bright token!’

As the last words echoed from the vaulted arches, the light of the apartment changed to a delicate crimson tint, as soft and as beautiful as if refined through windows of rubies, and a flaming ball of dazzling brightness fell upon the altar. Innumerable fairy beings, with shining harps in their hands and with jewelled crowns upon their brows, suddenly appeared and made an obeisance to the lady. Surrounding me then with their airy forms, they struck their harps in unison, and lulled my senses with their soft, soothing melody. The lady, too, passed her hands over my scorched flesh; the pain vanished, and it was as unscathed as the other.

Overcome with the excitement which I had experienced and the mysteries which I had seen, I sank down exhausted on the floor, when I felt myself gently raised and transported back to my chamber. I opened my eyes, and endeavored to inquire the meaning of all that I

had seen; but the lady, whose face was now lighted with a smile like that which angels wear, spread over me a cloud of odorous incense; a sweet sleep stole softly upon me, and I slumbered till long after the sun had broken through the opened casement and gambolled on the floor.

I found the family waiting for me when I descended to the old parlor, and to the usual inquiries as to how I had slept I gave an evasive answer, regarding my adventure as too sacred to be idly related.

'As for me,' said my friend, who stood rubbing his eyes and bathing his forehead with camphor, 'I shall learn wisdom by dear-bought experience! I took too hearty a supper last night, and I fear drank a goblet too much; for I tossed and tumbled during the whole night, and this morning I have a headache, which reminds me of the good resolution I have broken since the last meeting of the Burschenschaft.'

Providence, (R. I.) May, 1850.

THE MOST WELCOME SEASON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CLEODEMUS AND MYRSON: FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

CLEODEMUS.

TELL me, Oh MYRSON, what is the one season
Which thou wouldst choose in all the circling year:
What season dost thou most desire to come?
Is it the Summer, when our heaviest toils
In orchard, field, and garden, all are ended?
Is it the rich sweet Autumn, when our farms
Give us their wealth, and bid lean Hunger flee?
Is it the Winter, made for ease and mirth,
The frosty winter, when whole households sit
Round the warm hearth in festive idleness?
Or dost thou rather prize the beautiful Spring?
Say, MYRSON, which of these thy soul prefers:
An hour, spent here beside the forest brook,
On this fresh bank, invites discourse or song.

MYRSON.

*It ill becomes us, frail and erring mortals,
To judge or blame the gifts or works of God:
They all are just and noble, fair and holy.
Yet, CLEODEMUS, since thou fain wouldst learn,
Thou shalt be told what season I love best.
I wish not for the Summer, when the sun
Must fiercely scorch me: Autumn often hides
Beneath its ripened fruits disease and death.
I fear to brave the dark and stormy Winter,
The time of ice and sleet, of rain and snow.
Would that the golden Spring, thrice loved and lovely,
Were present with us through the long bright year!
Then cold and heat are both alike unknown,
Then all is life, then beauteous things burst forth,
And heaven vouchsafes, with equal night and day,
To bless our toils and make our hearts rejoice.*

JAMES GILBORN LYONS.

TO A YOUNG BOASTER.

WHAT hast *thou* done, vain youth! that wind-winged Fame
 Should stoop her heavenly flight to write thy story?
 'Neath fewer suns than thine the orbéd name
 Of *PITT* had touched the zenith of its glory:
NELSON had met and captured his renown,
 The Corsican had seen the vision of his crown;
 That fiery soul, so full of noble rage,
 Had flamed its brief and wonderful commission:
 O *CHATTERTON*! how weak in tender age!
 How strong and wild in giant-grown ambition!
 Beneath a feeble burden of the years
 Pale, dying *KEATS*, had wept immortal tears;
 The golden light of unspent youth still played
 O'er gentle *RAPHAEL*'s locks, as low in death they laid.

BODDLEBAK, THE BEAR-TAMER.

A LEGEND OF THE KAATSKILLS.

AWAY on the mountains, in the midst of which the Delaware takes
 its rise, there lived, more than an hundred years ago, a strange mortal
 called Boddlebak, the Bear-Tamer. A great many stories have been
 told of this wonderful personage, in which the marvellous has been
 unsparingly dealt out, for he has grown to be the evil-genius of his
 neighborhood; and broad-shouldered indeed must be the unlucky in-
 dividual who acquires so distinguished a reputation. Among these
 stories, however, the one I am about to relate is that which is best en-
 titled to implicit credence, having been handed down from the first
 settler on the mountains, the trustworthy Nicholas Braw.

Nicholas was the son of a boatman, who had spent his days quietly
 on the Hudson, and having inherited at his father's demise an enor-
 mous property, consisting of some fifty sovereigns in yellow gold, he
 deposited the same in a corner of his round cloth cap, within its tough
 brown lining, and fastening this valuable coronet on his head in a secure
 and permanent manner, started forth one morning to seek his fortune
 where perhaps no human foot save that of the savage had ever before
 trodden. He was a brave looking fellow, a little given to dreaming at
 eventide, when the stars began to shine, at which time he would lie
 stretched upon the ground, looking steadily at some remote world, as
 though that were the nucleus around which clustered all the air-built
 castles of his wandering fancy.

After sojourning for a week among the mountains westward of the
 Hudson, with no other protection against emergencies than a huge
 horse-pistol, which was suspended at his side, and no food save a little

oatmeal from the bag he carried on his back, Nicholas found himself one evening on a spot which he resolved to make the termination of his wanderings and his future home. It was near the bottom of a valley, through which ran a sparkling stream of water, and being a fresh and fertile looking place, seemed well adapted to cultivation; while a slight elevation in the ground furnished a suitable building spot for the residence which he designed to erect at some future period on his new domain. His first care, however, was to rear something which might furnish a present shelter; and this he soon accomplished by placing against the side of a hill a couple of forked stakes, cut with his sturdy axe, and fastening upon them a stout frame-work, over which he threw branches of trees, dry leaves, and lastly a light covering of earth. This done, Nicholas cleared a small space of ground, and carefully deposited in it the few garden-seeds he had providently brought in his coat-pocket. Having resolved to become a cultivator of the soil on an extensive scale, he worked day after day, making the valley echo back the valiant strokes of his axe, and gradually found himself surrounded by an open neighborhood, which his imagination already saw covered with abundant crops of yellow grain and verdant pasture. 'I will return,' said Nicholas, turning the matter over in his mind, 'I will return to the Hudson and buy grain enough to sow the ground which I am clearing.'

At the word 'buy' Nicholas grasped the heavy cap which contained his worldly treasure, and finding it still on his head, where indeed it had been ever since he left the Hudson, he rejoiced in this world of wealth, which the late Nicholas, his father, had laid by through honest and persevering industry. As the season, however, was not sufficiently advanced for sowing his grain, he resolved to continue some weeks longer in his present occupation, and then to return and provide himself with every thing necessary for conducting his little plantation, not forgetting a stout white mare, which one of his acquaintances had previously offered him for a moderate sum, and a plough, which he resolved to swing over the back of the white mare, while his seed-grain should form a soft and easy saddle, on which the aforesaid plough could ride comfortably into the heart of the wilderness.

Thus reasoned Nicholas one clear evening in August, as he lay stretched upon the grass, watching the stars as they appeared one after another through the darkening twilight. And that he might be sure of carrying out his intention successfully, he rose and sought the bag of oatmeal, to see how much of its contents might be left; for though he now and then caught a few fish from the neighboring stream, and plucked the wild raspberries which grew around him, the bag of oatmeal was his principal dependence for food. When Nicholas found the bag, he discovered to his astonishment that scarcely meal enough remained in it for a single day's subsistence, and being but poorly supplied with fire-arms, he saw before him scarcely any prospect of obtaining food. Here was a situation calculated to appal the stout heart of the new settler; but rising with the emergency, Nicholas struck out a bold plan, which he resolved to carry into execution the very next day. He had several times observed bears lurking not far from his rude habitation, which, as they did not appear very ferocious, he

thought might be despatched with his pistol, assisted by his old companion the axe, and these would furnish him with the means of subsistence.

Accordingly, ere the morning sun had risen above the mountains, Nicholas was far on his way up the western ridge, in pursuit of a bear which trotted leisurely before him. It was a strange animal, this bear, for he frequently suffered Nicholas to come pretty near to him, and then, just as the latter was raising his pistol, started off again, keeping out of bullet-range, and seeming to relish vastly the disappointment of the settler, who toiled on up the mountain, encumbered by his heavy axe, till he appeared ready to drop down with vexation and fatigue. At length, overcome with heat and panting for breath, Nicholas stopped in full view of the bear, who quietly sat himself down, out of pistol-range, looking his pursuer very coolly in the face; while his open mouth and distended jaw exhibited an expression resembling, as nearly as possible, an ironical smile. It was more than Nicholas could endure, and tearing from his head the precious cap, which had so long remained there, and had now become exceedingly oppressive from its weight, he threw it, unthinkingly, with all the force of exasperation, in the face of his tormentor. The bear, dodging the cap, avoided the threatened blow, and then quietly taking it in his mouth, retreated up the mountain.

Poor Nicholas! half dead as he was with vexation, being now inspired with the dread of losing his entire fortune, resumed his pursuit, leaving the axe behind him. Approaching nearer than he had yet been to the bear, and firing his pistol, he stopped for a moment, with the fervent hope of seeing him fall immediately to the earth; but Nicholas being very much agitated, his aim had not been true, and the provoking object of his pursuit still continued moving at the same pace before him. He had now reached a level spot on the mountain, where the bear, quickening his pace, soon arrived at a large rock covered with moss, on one side of which was a low, rude edifice, built of stones, which had been cemented with mud. Still retaining the cap in his mouth, the animal now disappeared on the opposite side of the edifice, while Nicholas, full of curiosity as well as of anxiety on account of his much-loved treasure, reached an opening, through which he supposed the bear had entered, and hesitating for a moment at the rough-looking threshold, rushed in after him.

Descending a short flight of steps, he found himself in a low and dark apartment, where he immediately recoiled before the fiery eyes of a fierce-looking old man, with coarse white hair and grisly countenance, who stood with a hunting-knife in his hand, while his deep harsh voice demanded of Nicholas 'What he wanted.' 'I want my property,' said the settler, in as firm a tone as his astonishment and alarm would permit. 'I want my cap, if you please;' and scanning the old man a little more closely, he saw that he held tightly clasped in his left hand the object of his desire. 'Ha!' exclaimed the old man, 'is it so precious then? I will take good care of it for you;' and unlocking a wooden chest which stood beside him, he deposited it there, and again locking the chest, returned the key to his bosom. Poor Nicholas was

afraid to encourage the idea that the cap possessed any great value, and besought the terrible old man to restore it, in order that he might protect his head from the heat of the sun. But it was in vain that he implored, for this strange person was inflexible, and the last hope of recovering his fortune soon died away in the settler's heart. He now looked hurriedly around him, and the objects that met his view, still more than any thing he had yet observed, filled him with intense surprise. In various parts of the room, which was dimly lighted from a small opening in the roof, he beheld, seated in rough chairs made of oaken boughs, at least half a dozen bears, including his recent acquaintance, in whose face there seemed to be a peculiar expression of satisfaction. These several animals appeared to watch intently the countenance of the old man, who occasionally spoke to them in a discordant voice, using the same language which he might have addressed to intelligent beings, the animals, strange to say, appearing to understand what he said. Immediately over the head of each bear a human skull was hung against the wall, exhibiting curious hieroglyphics, which had been painted in red on its smooth and polished surface; while on every part of the wall, which the dim light rendered visible, similar devices were inscribed in the same ghastly color on the dark-looking rock.

While Nicholas stood in open-mouthed astonishment, the owner of this strange abode approached still nearer, and demanded the cause of his delay. 'I beg pardon,' said the settler; 'but since you are determined to keep my property, be so good at least as to inform me what kind of creatures these are around you?'

'Dare you to question Boddlebak?' demanded the fierce old man, while his eyes were distended, with a look of unusual ferocity. 'He will show you not by words, but deeds.' Thus saying, he quickly drew him toward a corner of the apartment, and seizing a chain, which was suspended from the wall, threw round the neck of the unfortunate Nicholas an iron collar, attached to the chain, which he clasped with his crooked fingers. So sudden was the whole affair, that the poor settler had no time to make resistance, even if he had chosen to do so, and could only resign himself to his hard and unexpected fate, which several violent and painful efforts to escape convinced him was irremediable. Meanwhile Boddlebak, having contemplated the terror of his victim for a long time with an expression of demoniacal pleasure, arose and brought from one side of the room a table, resembling in its manufacture the chairs already alluded to, and setting it in the middle of the floor, placed food upon it. In this operation he was assisted by his mysterious companions, who brought drinking cups in their paws, and having placed them on the table, pushed up the heavy chairs on which they had been sitting. The bears now seated themselves round the table, at a signal given by Boddlebak; while the latter, taking his seat at the head, and looking toward Nicholas with a leer of triumph, proceeded to help the assembled company to meat and drink.

Every thing went on in silence until a young-looking bear, having awkwardly thrust his nose into his wooden drinking-cup and knocked it over, Boddlebak immediately addressed him thus:

'My young friend, it is for your good that I have brought you to

this place and devoted myself to your instruction. You stood low, it is true, in the scale of beings when I found you, but you possessed great qualities, unknown to you or to any one else save myself. You possessed great powers of mind, which only required development, and which, though dormant in your native state, shall, after many years of instruction, be employed in exploring the mysteries of the occult sciences, the most exalted study of——' here Boddlebak paused, and correcting an expression which had nearly escaped him, continued: 'The most exalted study of *beings*. You are by nature more deserving than that being of a different shape whom you see in the corner there, and who, as I will show you, can be reduced from his present state down to the most humble condition of being, even the condition of the brute. This it is my purpose to accomplish, in order that I may prove to—to beings,' he continued, after a pause, 'that all are by nature the same.'

Having spoken these fearful words with a fierce and determined look, which caused the unfortunate settler to feel as though his ears were already growing long and his hands becoming hairy, Boddlebak picked up a large piece of raw meat which lay upon the floor, and threw it at poor Nicholas, without even so much as saying 'Take that;' an act which so incensed the latter, that he could no longer refrain from expostulation.

'Look at me, old man!' said Nicholas; 'am I brute already, that you treat me in such a way? Am I not a man, like yourself, or rather like what you seem to be? Unchain me, monster! or I'll——'

Poor Nicholas had quite forgotten that he was completely in the power of this fearful creature, and soon found that the length of his chain would not suffer him to come within reach of any weapon with which to carry out his desperate intentions. Overcome with terror, he now resorted to entreaty; but the cold rock against which he was chained could not be more deaf to the voice of entreaty than Boddlebak, and he at length ceased his supplications and endeavored to resign himself to his singular destiny.

The mockery he had witnessed having at length ceased, Boddlebak dismissed the bears and proceeded to clear away the relics of the feast; then lighting a dingy lamp, which was covered with a cone-like shade, he placed it on the table, and taking his seat beside the latter, with his face bent toward it, seemed lost in contemplating the grain of the wood. Tracing the waving lines with his crooked fingers, he at length stopped at a certain point, and then, fixing upon Nicholas his sharp, fire-like eyes, continued to gaze at him until the poor settler was glad to shut out the deadly glance by covering his face with his hands. In this position Boddlebak remained for hours; and at length, when the light had burnt out, arose, and opening the door, admitted his companions with a formal salutation into his dreary abode.

Day after day these ceremonies were repeated in presence of the wretched Nicholas; who being at length reduced almost to starvation, was compelled, in order to preserve life, to partake of the beastly fare which Boddlebak imposed upon him. At intervals of several days, perhaps, the monster would leave his retreat, which was half house,

half cavern, and having been for some time absent, would return, bringing with him a ferocious bear, which he had apparently taken from a trap. Having bound and muzzled the animal in such a manner that he was rendered harmless, he brought him to a corner of the apartment near that in which Nicholas was confined, and raising a huge stone, let him fall into a dark pit, whence issued savage growls of untamed bears destined to become the future companions of Boddlebak. Day after day passed on, and while the bears were making progress in civilization, Nicholas felt himself becoming more and more like a beast; his beard and nails having grown long and his heart being filled with gloomy desires of revenge against this monstrous hater of his species, who had condemned him to a loathsome and perpetual imprisonment. He endeavored, however, to keep up his spirits as far as was possible, and at night, when he crept into the corner and sunk to sleep against the hard rocky wall, cheerful dreams transported him again to his little settlement, where, seated in the door of a neat and comfortable cottage, he beheld large fields of luxuriant grain ripening before him, and flocks of greasy-looking cattle grazing in the distance. From such dreams he would awake to see the awkward bears feasting round the table, or seated in shadowy contemplation in their oaken chairs, while the solitary lamp glimmered on the table and the piercing wizard-like gaze of Boddlebak was fixed upon him, causing a shudder of secret horror, which convinced him he was under the influence of some unhallowed enchantment which would by degrees reduce him to the condition of a brute.

At length, one dark and gloomy day, when the least ray of light shone through the opening over his head, Boddlebak, who had been a long time absent, entered with a huge bear, which, though bound like those he had before brought, he could hardly manage, by reason of his great weight and strength. Having proceeded to the mouth of the pit and taken away the stone which covered it, he was in the act of pushing the animal into it, when, the muzzle slipping from his mouth, he seized in his huge jaws the bony arm of Boddlebak the bear-tamer, whose hoarse voice uttered a cry of mingled rage and pain. Nicholas, who had quietly observed the whole proceeding, felt that 'now or never' was the time to extricate himself from his horrible situation; and seizing a rope which the length of his chain permitted him to reach, he advanced toward Boddlebak and threw it round him, so as to bind his remaining hand closely to his body. The instant he touched him, wonderful to relate, the iron collar on the neck of Nicholas relaxed its hold, while he imagined he heard a voice cheering him through the opening over his head. Boddlebak, however, now made desperate resistance, and drew from his belt the knife which he constantly carried about him; but Nicholas, endowed with unusual strength, wrested it out of his hand, and held it pointed at his breast, while the bear meantime bravely maintained his hold.

Nicholas now proceeded to tie the feet of his old tormentor, and to deprive him of every means of resistance; and this being done, his first care was to draw from the bosom of Boddlebak the rusty key of his wooden chest, and to repair to the adjoining apartment, where he

had seen him deposit his cap. As he hastily pushed open the door and entered this ghostly place, which was lighted by a candle burnt to the very socket, he heard a terrible shriek from the place he had just left; but heeding nothing, he quickly unlocked the chest, inside of which he immediately beheld his long-lost cap, containing the hard earnings of the elder Nicholas, his late father; and having secured this treasure once more on his head, he lifted up the board on which it had been placed, when to his astonishment he beheld a vast pile of gold coin immediately underneath it. But Nicholas waited no longer, for something like an earthquake now shook the whole place to its very centre, and he rushed back to the apartment he had left. In it he could see no living creature; not only Boddlebak, but the bears, both wild and tame, having utterly disappeared! Beneath him, however, was a terrible conflict; and approaching the mouth of the pit and looking fearfully into it, he saw the wretched Boddlebak in the clutches of furious bears, whose countless multitude seemed to fill the whole mountain, as though it were now one vast cavern beneath him.

Appalled by the sight, and by the terrible sounds, which seemed to increase every moment, Nicholas rushed away from the hateful abode where he had been so long confined. As he bounded along over the mountain, he saw the late companions of Boddlebak scampering in all directions into the forest; and stopping only once to pick up his axe, which still lay where he had left it, hurried down into the valley. Having reached the little settlement, Nicholas threw himself on the grass, overcome with fatigue, and fell immediately into a profound and refreshing slumber, which lasted several hours. When he at length awoke he found every thing about him as he had left it, with the exception of a little garden, in which the vegetables, and more particularly the weeds, had greatly increased in size. Having now something in the shape of food, Nicholas gave over his designs against the bears and made preparation to depart for the Hudson; for it was high time to get every thing in readiness for sowing his grain. Accordingly he departed early one morning, and after travelling briskly through the valley for several days, reached the Hudson just at that spot which in these modern days is designated by the name of Rondout.

Having sought out his old friends and provided himself with every thing that the wants of the settlement required, not even forgetting a blooming damsel for whom he had long entertained a secret affection, Nicholas started again for the mountains, attended not only by Molly Braw, but by two of his old acquaintances, who had been induced by his eloquent description of the beauty and fertility of the settlement, to go and establish themselves in his neighborhood.

One of these persons, however, Johnny Maple by name, declared from the very first that his principal reason for going out with Nicholas was, that he might satisfy his curiosity by a visit to the den of Boddlebak the bear-tamer; for Johnny was hard to convince in all matters which furnished any room for doubt, and was anxious to assure himself the truth of the strange story which his friend had related; of which story, that part relating to the chest and golden coin, was not the least curious. Yielding to this desire of Johnny's several days after

the settlers had reached the place of their destination, Nicholas left the devoted Molly one morning bathed in matrimonial tears, (after having received from her fair hands a broken horse-shoe to keep off enchantment,) and taking the direction he had formerly pursued, slowly ascended the mountain in company with his friend. Both were stoutly defended by heavy fire-arms so that mere mortal resistance was likely to prove of none effect; while the horse-shoe was a certain foil for every supernatural obstacle which might threaten to impede their progress.

Having at length reached the place where Nicholas had thrown his cap at the bear, they were satisfied that the abode of Boddlebak was now very near. Nerving themselves, therefore, for the occasion they advanced very circumspectively with palpitating hearts, while Johnny was evidently a little disposed to remain some distance behind.

'Come on,' said Nicholas in a voice which was scarcely audible to his now crippled companion, 'come on, I see the rock!'

Johnny now ceased breathing altogether; while the blood of his entire frame seemed to have settled in his feet, making them still more heavy and unmanageable.

'Why, what is all this?' exclaimed Nicholas at length in a voice which immediately brought the blood back to Johnny's face. 'What on earth has come *over* the place!'

Full of courage and scepticism, Johnny now approached and beheld only a huge rock covered with moss, over which one or two small trees were drooping in silence, not even a breath of air awaking their bright red foliage from its listless repose. Nicholas was indeed staggered; for no traces of the former appearance of the place remained save the rock which looked just the same. Johnny's day of triumph had at length arrived. From the first he had insinuated doubts with regard to the story of his friend, and now it was as clear as a pipe-stem that he had been in the right!

'What has come over the place *indeed*!' cried Johnny, as with a toss of his head he rested the butt of his gun upon the ground. 'Nothing, not even a bear, has ever come over it.'

As Johnny spoke, a young bear thrust his nose round a corner of the rock, and Nicholas discharging at him the contents of his gun, brought the poor animal to the earth.

'Well, Johnny, there you're mistaken' said Nicholas, 'for yonder lies a bear as dead as herring.'

Johnny, who had receded a few steps now approached again, and firing at the bear, who was only wounded, despatched him; while he renewed his insinuations that the whole story of Nicholas Braw was a bare-faced fabrication. Nicholas being unfortunately destitute of evidence, good-humoredly suffered Johnny to entertain his own opinion; and taking the bear on his shoulders, followed his friend down into the valley, where he would certainly have thrown himself into the eager arms of the overjoyed Molly, had it not been that the appearance of the burden he carried, effectually repelled that good lady from his embraces. Time passed on, and a large mansion of logs arose on the settlement which was soon filled with the descendants of Nicholas

Braw; while the grain grew in the fields and the grass sprung up on every side of the greasy-looking cattle. But to this day the descendants of Johnny Maple are the unbelievers of the neighborhood, and when they hear the great grandchildren of the first settler relating the history of Boddlebak the Bear-tamer, the Maples shake their heads distrustfully, and declare 'it was nothing but a dream.'

L I N E S : S A P P H O .

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

I stood on the Leucadian steep
That darkly beetles o'er the deep,
And gazed upon the waters blue,
That once so wildly rolled above
The fair but fated LESBIAN, who
Forsook her lute and died for love.
Methought I saw her lingering there
A moment with disordered hair;
Her frantic but poetic eye
Looking its last on sun and sky:
In fancy too, I could recall
The sullen, solitary fall,
The echoed shriek of her farewell,
The silent circles where she fell,
Dilating more and more, until
They vanished thence, and all was still!

Of by that rude and rugged shore,
The Greek will pause upon his oar,
And sigh that one in ancient time,
The marvel of her sex and crime,
Should for a foolish passion fling
Her genius, beauty, every thing,
Upon the waters, there to perish
Like the wild weed ye would not cherish.
At eve the wondering sailors say,
Who pass that promontory gray,
Soft sighs the listening ear will greet,
And music more than mortal's sweet;
And that when the first star appears
And twilight's breath dissolves in tears,
A female form is dimly seen
To beckon from the ocean green.
Can this be fancy, which at eve
Is still most ready to deceive?
Or say, does Lyric Sappho linger
In spirit still with beckoning finger,
To mark the spot where she, lost, lone,
Died for her false and faithless one!

M E N T A L P L E A S U R E S .

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I.

I would not give the lightest link
Of Memory's stored and treasured mines
For wealth whose magic might obtain
The station Genius seeks in vain ;
The fame for which his soul repines :
I would not yield the knowledge gained
Or will to prove the yet unsought ;
Nor dash to earth the fairy realms
That live within the land of thought.

II.

Tear from my heart its trembling sense
Of beauty, and life's joys have flown ;
From Nature draw the thrilling power
To charm me in the saddest hour,
And earth were dreary, void and lone :
I would not lose the gift to weave,
With poetry and music's tone,
The ærial beings of the mind,
And musings o'er my spirit thrown :

III.

Nor break the chord whose lengthened chain
Now brings the past before mine eye ;
Visions of ages swept away,
Of empires mouldering in decay,
And men whose glories cannot die ;
Lands that my footsteps never trod
In vivid pictures meet my glance ;
Their struggles 'neath Oppression's chain,
Their softer shadings of romance.

IV.

And genius, with its deathless flame,
Gleams through the darkened mist of years,
With magic touch that can impart
Those records of the human heart,
That nerves the soul or melts to tears :
Mind in its myriad forms arise,
To meet and mingle with mine own :
I from its gathered lustre glean
The purest bliss my soul has known.

v.

Oft 'mid my life's appointed way
I mingle with the dull and cold ;
But in my hours of solitude,
(Those golden hours when none intrude,)
A loftier intercourse I hold :
While with my books I calmly sit,
Their garnered wealth they yield to me ;
Historian, poet, saint and sage,
And dreams of old philosophy.

vi.

All that the heart could ask or crave,
Like scattered gems, around is spread ;
The immortal spirit's upward flight,
Its finest powers, its inward light,
Springs from the living and the dead :
Then ask me not could aught atone
If mental joys no more were mine ;
Wrapped in its prison-house of clay,
Like fettered slave, my soul would pine.

vii.

The world's injustice well I know ;
Its cold neglect I plainly see,
For all who cannot learn to bow,
With ready smile and cloudless brow,
For its vain breath, on suppliant knee :
I mark men cringe to wealth and power,
Debasing justice, truth and pride ;
Nor dare applaud where they approve,
Lest they oppose the onward tide.

viii.

Yet while that hurrying tide rolls on,
With eager haste and fevered strife,
Seeking the idol gold afar,
As it were Honor's brightest star,
I dwell within the inner life ;
Surrounded by a different world
From this distracting scene of care,
Hill, valley, mountain, stream and flower,
A purer, brighter beauty wear.

ix.

For I have books and thought at will,
And independence dwells with these,
And caters not for stinted praise
With restless nights and anxious days,
Nor courts the wayward art to please :
And if earth-gauds awake a sigh,
Soft *peace of mind* ! I turn to thee,
And glory that an angel-guest
Should find a home with one like me !

ON A LITTLE SAND-FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

Thou desert Eremite, without the sin
Of those proud men who thought it to be humble
To dwell such awful solitudes within,
Letting their lives like unused temples crumble,
Rather than 'neath the press of noble deeds to tumble.
God placed *thee* here, and on the desert sand
Thou spread'st thy little page in Heaven's eye,
Glad to fulfil thy sole and brief command,
To whisper once the name of God — and die:
Thou art too small for fragrance even, yet
Thou beautifiest the deserted place,
And were we to be grateful, might forget
Thou mindest us that still were crowned by grace:
Up, loveliest soul, such flowers shine o'er thy waste!

Desert between Cairo and Jerusalem, 1848.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

MANKIND, generally, are not predisposed to give any one credit for possessing, at the same time, great intellectual force and eminent personal disinterestedness. If it be not the law, it is too often an untoward fact of this imperfect fame of ours, that vivid creative capacity is accompanied by an absorbing self-consciousness, which, like an elliptical mirror, concentrates upon a focus within its own compass all the lustre that it snatches from life and nature; so that at last we come unhappily to doubt the power, if we do not perceive the infirmity. A writer, of the least questionable ability, if he be unlucky enough early to grow distinguished for literary philanthropy, for generous zeal in bringing the productions of others to the light of popular approval, for patriotic devotedness to the honor of his country as founded upon the works of his contemporaries, will assuredly be misunderstood, at least for a season. His readiness to do every thing for others, will be taken for an argument of incapacity to do much for himself. But Time — in whose airy train, if Passions and Prejudices revel at the commencement and False Opinions crowd about the middle part, Justice ever walks, slow and late, bringing up the close — will dispense a retribution that is not by measure; and the reputation, which began in self-oblivion, will ultimately be all the more potent for having first been pure.

To no man of our time is the literary character of this country under more honorable obligation, for confidence imparted at home, and consequence acquired abroad, than to the person whose name is placed at the beginning of this article. To no one will those writers, personally, almost without an exception, be so prompt to profess their indebtedness for manifold acts of disinterested benefit, rendered in a spirit and with an ease and an ability, which made the intervention as valuable and as delightful to one party, as it was meritorious and graceful in the

other. But the merit has been won at a great personal loss. Dr. Griswold would have been thought entitled to more respect as an author, if he had displayed less benevolence as an editor. The praise which is not claimed is slowly yielded; and the advocate who comes forward in the cause of another, is not supposed to have pretensions of his own. A candidate without rivalry, and a competitor unconscious of jealousy, is a character so new to literary history, that it is hardly to be expected that it should be at once appreciated. Dr. Griswold's critical surveys exhibit intellectual capacities of a very high order of subtlety and force and a skill in composition singularly felicitous; they leave to no one of his years in the country a title to take rank before him in energetic originality of thought and language; and to the discriminating mind they demonstrate his ability, by the judicious concentration of effort upon some single subject of adequate scope, to rise to the first degree of excellence in any department. Nevertheless, had the exercise of these talents been dissociated from a generosity of purpose; had they been directed to the construction of a mansion of repute for their possessor, out of the demolished Houses of others' Fame, instead of being employed to adorn and beautify the Pantheon of public and national distinction, by materials furnished from the artist's own treasures, doubtless the personal admiration won would have been far greater. The echoes of success would have borne to our ears the reverberations of a single name, instead of voicing the mingled glory of a throng, in which his praise who waked the long response is scarce distinguishable. But we must not impair the dignity of an honorable reputation by regret or complaint. The qualities by which the general interest is aided, and the common good advanced, take their place, in every right judgment, so much above that class of powers by which individual eminence is vindicated; it is so much nobler and greater to diffuse the rays of renown than to appropriate them; that we would counsel the friends of Dr. Griswold to value his reputation as the *author* of the *Prose Writers of America*, before the most fortunate endeavor to out-rival the brightest subject of its page.

Every American, concerned for the literary celebrity of his country, is bound to bear respect to the author of the 'Poets and Poetry,' and the 'Prose Writers of America.' The effect which those works have had, is obvious to the most careless examination. We note a decided alteration since the date of their publication, not only in the increased deference with which our productions are regarded by British writers, but in the firmer countenance, the added energy, the deeper thoroughness of tone, assumed and exerted by the press among us. Dr. Griswold at once challenged for his subject the very loftiest position, and did it in tones of such distinctness, decision, and emphasis, as startled attention on every side, and implied not only great confidence in the correctness of his opinions, but something of moral heroism in braving the doubts and denials with which such claims were at first received. But he made good every pretension that he had advanced, and he is now followed by troops of persons, of whom not one would have dared to precede him, and but few would have been willing to stand beside him in the beginning. This presentation of the claims of American

genius and accomplishment in letters, under such advantages of aggregation, arrangement, and illustration, as immediately to advance them into the line of equality with all our glories, is connected, enduringly, with the name of Dr. Griswold. From several causes, not very difficult to appreciate, it had happened that the literary efforts of this country, in verse and prose alike, have been scattered, occasional, fragmentary, local; impulsive more than systematic; the work of amateurs rather than professors. The wandering rays that struggled with 'ineffectual beam,' from a thousand divided sources, were now brought into focal unity, with an effect not merely augmented in degree, but unexpected in nature and kind. *Si non singula placent, juncta juvant.* It was thus demonstrated that America had produced not only a poetry and romance, but a philosophy, a theology, a scholarship, and a criticism, fairly entitled to constitute a national school. Something more than research the most extensive, memory the readiest, discrimination the most just, and taste and tact the most delicate, were needed for this success. A 'reconciling ray' of creative intelligence alone could give order, relation, composition, and singleness of tone, to elements in many cases apparently impracticable. In hands less than masterly, the thing would have been a shapeless, discordant mass, without interest, and without effect. The combining eye, which caught the rich impression of the completed architecture, in the inexpressive and inharmonious variety of the separate material, partook of poetic ardor, and the skill which accomplished what the mind foresaw was an artist faculty of not a common kind.

Upon the subject of American literature, Dr. Griswold is an enthusiast, with all the qualities, which render enthusiasm engaging, and even admirable: generous, indefatigable, self-sacrificing, successful. Apparently, he takes as much pleasure in establishing another's distinction as he could feel if the victory were his own; and he seems to feel that a personal triumph is won, whenever the lettered fame of the country is elevated. Under a light, variable, complying manner, he conceals strongly determined points of character. There is great intensity and continuance in his nature. Beneath a superficial excitability and impulsiveness, the instincts of his deeper being move firmly onward, undeviating and unresting, through that sphere of mental interest to which he seems to have been predestinated. To inform himself of the history, peculiarities, and achievements of American effort in every form, in the past and in the present, to assimilate all this information into union with his own thoughts and views, and to organize the whole into grand and imposing views of national power, is the occupation always going on, by a kind of involuntary process, almost in the unconscious operation of this ever-active, ever-inquiring mind. This is the main pursuit of his life; all else is the by-play of his powers. It is this which gives permanence, and consistency, and unity to his character, amid the infinite multiplicity of concerns which engage his less profound attention. This imparts dignity, and the aspect even of greatness, to a mental career which, unless steadied by such a controlling passion and principle of the thought, might be frittered and frivolized by the multitudinous petty excitements to which it is subject. What--

ever 'quick whirls and eddies of the mind' may gyrate and gurgle on the surface, the under-current ever moves composedly onward through its direct and natural channel, and in due time deposits in glittering masses the golden particles which it had swept along with it.

With characteristics, and talents, and habits such as these, it is not surprising that his lore, on all matters connected with national history, biography, literature, is immense. He is, without doubt, upon the whole American subject, the most learned authority in the world. For ourselves, we can say that there are certain departments in this field, more especially connected with Revolutionary personages and occurrences, which have been to us a kind of *specialité* in study; but we have not yet found the topic upon which Dr. Griswold did not know all that we knew, and a little more. The system upon which all this erudition is stored and distributed, in his recollection, is deserving of imitation. There is nothing of the confusion, the chaotic agglomeration, which marks the lettered collections of the 'helluo librorum;' all is orderly, rational, connected. With great discretion he has especially cultivated that sort of information which consists, not so much in a treasury of facts laid away in the memory, as in familiarity with the sources of knowledge. It has been his practice to cultivate that style of research which the acute good sense of Dr. Johnson commended in Gilbert Walmesley, and the advantages of which all scholars are aware of—that where he does not possess the knowledge, he can at least tell where to find it. Ask Dr. Griswold as to an event or a character, somewhat recondite or controverted, and if he is not prepared to give you an exact and minute detail of the case, he will indicate, with promptness and precision, the avenues through which all the learning on the subject is to be reached; he will refer you to a letter in the middle of one book, an anecdote in the appendix of another, a disquisition buried in some series of a dozen volumes, by the combination of which a full view of what you are in search of will be reached; and he will furnish a just estimate of the comparative reliability of different authorities, and all that apparatus of study which is so satisfactory to the inquirer. His mind, in this respect, might not so truly be called a book as an index, by means of which many books may be consulted.

Doctor Griswold's life of mind is extraordinary. The energy and activity of his thoughts and efforts seem rather to be stimulated into higher force by the accumulation of toils. He cannot draw comfortable breath except in a whirlwind of occupation. To one who becomes slightly acquainted with him, and for the first time gets a glimpse into the many-roomed workshop of his mind, it is a matter of unfeigned astonishment to behold the all but limitless diversity of incompatible pursuits which this remarkable person is carrying on at the same time. As he becomes more extensively observed, and more thoroughly known, this early surprise gives way to a more permanent admiration at the distinctness with which these several employments are followed, and the unpausing onwardness with which each is carried forward duly to its conclusion. The taking up of a new project is no reason with him for abandoning or slighting an old one. It is a characteristic with him to finish every thing that he undertakes. He does not deal in unexecuted

suggestions or untermiated enterprises; every undertaking in his hands, soon sees its practical and final completion. Napoleon himself was not more habitually intent upon snatching the fruits of toil. Accordingly, in a brief life, he has accomplished a vast deal. As collector and editor, he has done in months what any other man would have required years for. As an original author, he has written thrice as much, perhaps, as any of his contemporaries. Much was transitory, and has passed away; much remains, and will long be valued. Yet with all this prodigiousness of employment, he always seems to be at leisure. In the morning, at noon, and in the evening, he is ready for any thing that his friends may propose; is always much at their service. A stranger who should be introduced to him, without a knowledge of his character or history, and should observe the eager force and earnest ability with which he threw himself into the trifles of the moment, would set him down, probably, for a gentleman of fortune and leisure, who lived chiefly in the drawing-room, whose mind habitually wanted occupation, had not enough for its energies, and was rather running to waste from what he himself has described as the 'luxuriance of intelligence unemployed.' Such a one might be surprised to learn that his gay and careless acquaintance had just published a large octavo volume, after three months' consideration, of which a dozen people, under any division of labor, might have been in gestation for as many lustrums; was carrying two or three more through the press; a monthly magazine; wrote the literary articles of one or two journals, and devoted twelve hours every day to the preparation of a great Biographical Dictionary — the *maximum opus* of his life.

It would be unjust to pass by the personal relation in which Dr. Griswold has always stood to the other authors of his country; the system of friendly assistance which he makes it his duty to maintain to all, who, in any sort, may profit of his kindness. He seems to possess an ardent and chivalrous love for the literary fame of his countrymen. He is ever ready to give any assistance that may be required in bringing out their works; and his acquaintance with the subject of publication in all its branches, and all its details, enables him to render aid that is of priceless value to the shy, nervous, secluded man of genius. 'A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse' possess irresistible claims upon his philanthropy. If the time and talents of a skillful editor, who will labor *gratuitously*, in some benevolent undertaking toward the works of some defunct, are needed, Dr. Griswold is counted upon with ready confidence. The case of the late Edgar A. Poe is an illustration of this matter, very honorable to the subject of our notice. There was nothing in the private relations of the parties to render it at all natural or probable that Mr. Poe should have left a request that Dr. Griswold would be the editor of his writings; but he knew the generous spirit and admirable capacity of the person whose regard he invoked, and felt assured that he would do in the best manner what probably no other would do at all. Services such as he is constantly rendering, give him a title to the gratitude, not merely of that large number of authors who have been immediately obliged by his courtesy, but of the country at large, which has derived from his efforts benefits which it

knows not of, and which ought to admire abilities so unselfishly exerted.* No one living has conferred such important favors upon the whole class of American authors, prose and poetical; and should he be withdrawn from the sphere which he fills with peculiar advantages, there is scarcely a considerable writer, from one end of the States to the other, who would not feel that he had sustained the loss of an invaluable ally. And it is not only his personal exertions that have thus been disinterestedly given to American letters, but his purse has ever been freely open for the promotion of the same class of interests. Many a struggling young adventurer in the fields of authorship, has owed to his generous hand the means of prosecuting and attaining his favorite aims. But the grace of such acts consists in their secrecy, and as the author of them has never divulged them, we cannot venture to refer to such as have transpired to us from other sources. The younger, less-favored class of American authors will never have a warmer friend, or, to use an old word, without the invidious sense which of old it may have borne, a more liberal *patron*, than he of whom we write.

The *boast* of heraldry, and the *pomp* of power, alike have vanished from an era of republican maxims; yet the rational interest of the one, and the substantial value of the other, have survived the change of forms, and sentiments, and institutions. Nowhere are genealogies explored and esteemed more than among the descendants of the Puritans; and New-England, we believe, is the only community which exhibits a society, and a periodical journal, devoted to the single purpose of tracing and recording pedigrees. It is wise, and it is natural; and like all of 'Nature's wisdom,' it finds its vindication equally in the instincts of the feelings, and in the conclusions of lengthened observation. Struck by an historic name, awaking associations with the fame of judges, governors, and other worthies of the republic, we made application to a member of the family for some details upon the subject. He has politely responded to our call, with a greater profusion of lore than we shall at present communicate to the public.

The family of Griswold — which has included many eminent persons in the annals of the colony, and of the state of Connecticut — is descended from George Griswold, called, in his epitaph, *Armiger*, of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, England, and for several years, during the life of his father, Francis Griswold, described as of Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, where he was married. Of the ancestors of George Griswold, several had been in Parliament, and one, Philip Griswold (A. D. 1391 — 1460,) was honorably distinguished in arms in the reigns of the Fifth and Sixth Henries. The sons of George Griswold, with a single exception, emigrated to New-England. Edward, whose name appears for some reason to have been changed from Francis, was one

* THE writers of the country have not been unwilling to display their regard for him in ways the most suitable and graceful. BAYARD TAYLOR dedicates to him his first book, 'Ximena and other Poems,' as 'an expression of gratitude for the kind encouragement he has shown the author.' The Rev. JAMES WATSON inscribes to him a volume of 'Discourses, as the first fruits of a mental and moral culture for which the author is chiefly indebted to him.' The lamented Mrs. Osgood addressed to him the splendid edition of her works, as a Souvenir of admiration for his genius, of respect for his generous character, and of gratitude for his valuable literary counsels; and we might quote perhaps a dozen similar tributes, from C. F. HOFFMAN, W. H. C. HOESMER, and other authors, illustrating the same feelings and opinions.

of the first settlers of Windsor, in the year 1630. Matthew also established himself originally in the same place, but after marrying a daughter of the first Henry Wolcott, he bought and occupied the place known as Black Hall, in Lyme, then Saybrook. Others of the family advanced farther into the interior, and are represented by the descendants of the settlers of Norwich, Killingworth (a corruption of Kenilworth), Griswold, and other towns of which they were the founders. Rufus Wilmot Griswold is of the ninth generation from George Griswold, of Kenilworth, in England; and on the mother's side is descended in the eighth degree from Thomas Mayhew, the first Governor of Martha's Vineyard. He was born in Rutland county, Vermont, on the 15th of February, 1815.

Much of the early life of Dr. Griswold was spent in voyaging about the world; and before he was twenty years of age he had seen the most interesting portions of his own country and of southern and central Europe. Relinquishing travel, which had grown distasteful from indulgence, he suddenly married, and entered upon the fascinating but dangerous career of a man of letters by profession. *Quodcumque amat, valde amat*, is the character of his temperament, and he pursued this exciting occupation with earnest and enthusiastic assiduity. He had studied divinity, and has professed at all times to regard it as his vocation; but 'once a mortgage, always a mortgage,' is as applicable to the liens of authorship as to those of debts; and after nine or ten years passed chiefly in journalism and literary creation, it is not probable that he will ever wholly abandon the press for the pulpit.* There is no well-authenticated instance, we believe, on record, of a man who, for his own or his father's sin, has once been 'dipped in ink' of printers, either curing himself or being cured radically of that tetter of the love of approbation which the dusky immersion always leaves behind it.

Dr. Griswold's first habits of writing were formed under the suggestive culture of an elder brother, Mr. Heman Griswold, a highly accomplished and much respected merchant of Troy, in whose house he passed the winter of 1830. From that period, his fifteenth year, he has been a practised writer; though he considers himself as having produced nothing, before twenty-two, which he would now be willing to acknowledge. For a short time he turned his attention to politics, and conducted a political journal in the country. After this he was associated with the Honorable Horace Greeley in editing the 'New-Yorker,' and with Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent in the 'Brother Jonathan' and the 'New-World;' enterprises eminently successful, which influenced in various respects, and in an important degree, the character of the literary and newspaper press. In 1842-3 he was the editor of 'Graham's Magazine;' and by the attraction of his name and the liberal policy which he induced Mr. Graham to adopt, was

* MR. E. P. WHIPPLE, probably the most thoroughly accomplished of all our critics, observes in a recent sketch of Dr. Griswold: 'His acquirements in theology are very extensive. In his doctrinal notions he is inflexibly orthodox, and entertains some dogmas of peculiar grimness. Those who have never disputed with him on 'fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,' can hardly form a conception of his innate force of character. On these subjects he is a sort of cross between DESCARTES and JOHN CALVIN. In theology he is all muscle and bone. His sermons are his finest compositions, and he delivers them from the pulpit with taste and eloquence.'

enabled to bring into its list of contributors a better corps of writers, perhaps, than has ever before or since been boasted by such a work. Among these were Richard H. Dana, Esq., Washington Allston, J. F. Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, Hoffman, Willis, and others. While he was editor, the circulation of the Magazine increased from seventeen thousand to twenty-nine thousand.

He has published a large number of volumes anonymously. One of these is a collection of his verses, and two others constitute a novel. He has also brought out anonymously, partly or entirely written by himself, six or eight works on history and biography, which, though they have satisfied the critics and the publishers, appear, from being unacknowledged, not to have satisfied their author. He has printed, at sundry times, seven discourses on subjects of history and philosophy, and a volume of sermons. In reviews, magazines and newspapers he has written largely; enough to fill a dozen octavo volumes. In 1844 he published 'Curiosities of American Literature.' We are indebted to him, moreover, for an edition of the prose works of Milton, preceded by an eloquent and valuable 'Life,' published in 1846. This was the first modern reprint of Milton's prose, and was a voluntary contribution by the editor to the fortunes of a worthy and interesting man of genius, the Rev. Herman Hooker, D.D., then struggling to establish himself as a publisher.

Dr. Griswold's position as a man of letters, however, is chiefly owing to his biographies and literary histories and disquisitions, in the 'Poets and Poetry of America,' 1842; the 'Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century,' 1844; the 'Prose-Writers of America,' 1846; and the 'Female Poets of America,' 1848.

For the difficult office of determining and representing and portraying the respective merits of the authors of America, in which he has risen to an easy supremacy, and which now by common consent has been delegated to his hands, he undoubtedly has many rare qualifications. The mental attribute which he possesses in the most distinguishing degree, and to which his success is largely owing, is judgment. To say that he excels by that attribute is to award perhaps the highest praise that could be bestowed. The loftiest and rarest quality of the mind is judgment. It is above invention; it is beyond eloquence; it is more than logic. In every employment and every condition of life, private and public, deliberative and executive, the ascendancy of judgment over talent, wit, passion, imagination, learning, is evinced at once by the rarity of the endowment, and by the superiority which it is certain to confer upon its possessor. As a comparative critic, his opinions are always entitled to weight. Sensitive to the finest indications of literary promise; apt to detect essential merit, under whatever guise of oddity or affectation or bad taste; acute in perception, and comprehensive in sympathy; he always holds aloft, firmly and steadily, the scale of just decision, and reports the result without prepossession and without timidity. He possesses a rapid and sure *coup d'œil*. He surveys the merits of a volume with a scrutiny as piercing as it is brief, and arrives promptly at a result which will commonly be found to stand the test of prolonged examination. His sagacity has been so

often displayed and approved, that there is probably no one among us whose opinion on a question of literary merit would have greater influence with the judicious minds of the country. His shrewdness in prognosticating the popular taste is not less acute, and his perception of what is likely to be successful is as accurate as his appreciation of what is really meritorious.

The literary abilities displayed in the original portion of these works are entitled to very high rank, and are undoubtedly the sufficient cause of their popularity and permanence. Dr. Griswold's style is fresh, brilliant, delicate, perhaps over-delicate, but never feeble, and rarely morbid. With unerring accuracy, he always indicates the strong points of his subject; yet he indicates rather than seizes them. The outlines of truth are always traced with nicety and precision; yet are they traced rather than channeled. His coloring is refined, soft, suggestive; dealing in half tints, or mixed hues, more usually than in simple and contrasted colors. His perceptions are keenly intelligent, and full of vitality and vividness; but they are too mercurial, fugitive and hasty; they want fixity, persistency and prolongation. He touches some rich element of truth or beauty, but he does not linger upon it to develop and unfold its deep and full resources; he merely touches it, and is off in search of some remote conception, which he will strike and bound away from, like a glancing sunbeam. A discussion by him, therefore, is a series of gentle and delightful flashes, not a steady and prolonged blaze. The fault lies more in the school than in the performer. If he uses water-colors rather than oils, it is because the style is in mode, and not because the genius of the artist could not glow upon canvass as well as glitter upon paper.

But moral qualities of a very unusual and very elevated sort were needed for an undertaking like the one which we speak of, and it is here that Dr. Griswold's character rises to excellence. From partiality, from prejudice, from the bias of anger and the warp of affection, his nature seems to be wholly free. A writer so void of literary jealousy never was created upon the earth. He comes to his work, too, without any of those inveterate predilections or antipathies of taste which most men, as highly educated, contract. His views are not moulded in the forms of any systems, classes, or modes of criticism. His candor, sincerity, and utter fearlessness in avowing his genuine convictions are of inestimable value; and there is not only a perfect honesty in his mind, but a thorough freedom even from unintended predispositions and unconscious obliquities. Even where he cannot enjoy he appreciates, and he points out and expounds for the participation of others that which perhaps to himself may afford no pleasure. With some of the people in these volumes his relations are those of affectionate intimacy; with others they are decidedly hostile; yet cavil itself might be defied to show an instance in which he has over-valued the merits of a friend or done unfairness to the titles of an enemy.

But while we affirm that the author of these volumes has displayed in them remarkable qualities of mind and accomplishment, we admit at the same time that what he has yet done is not worthy of the capacity which he certainly possesses. Our settled judgment is, that Dr.

Griswold is a man of very superior and uncommon talents, and that he is destined to achieve much that shall be far beyond the line of his heretofore endeavors. We consider ourselves to be accurately acquainted with his nature; we have seen him closely at sundry times, and in various emergencies; with a severe, rather than a partial eye, we have explored and measured a character which interested our scrutiny. We are satisfied that neither the public nor Dr. Griswold himself has formed a just and adequate appreciation of the original and commanding abilities which he has. If opinion has fallen below his performances, they again are below his powers. His own great infirmity — if so interesting a peculiarity may thus be called — consists in a want of mental self-reliance; an absence of deep, broad confidence, in his own inherent and inborn strength. And that perhaps has betrayed the judgment of the public; for the latter is usually not disposed to take a man at a higher rate than he asks for himself. The community recognises him as an acute, searching, and correct critic; as a profound bibliographer and annalist; and as master of a bright, pointed, and discursive style, light enough to lend grace to the airiest topics, and vigorous enough to dash at the weightiest. Dr. Griswold is more than all that. He is a man of genius; abounding in the resources of inventive thought; gifted, evidently and copiously, with 'the vision and the faculty divine,' which give to the world more than they gain from it, and glorify all that they perceive.

There is a class of minds, whose dynamical condition is not quite accordant with their statical condition; who, in what they do, never perfectly represent what they are. Studied in themselves, they interest and impress; followed in their works, they disappoint. Endowed, unmistakably, with the characteristics of superiority, whenever they put themselves in action, some unlucky element mixes itself up with the operation, some trick of weakness displays itself, some false bias, some fatal affinity comes athwart the effort, to make it miscarry, and the movement which commenced from genius concludes in commonplace. The fault lies rather in the temperament than in the talent.

In Dr. Griswold's case, the misfortune, hitherto, has been that his interest in literary subjects has been so irritable, and his energy sprang with such instantness to seize every scheme which flashed before him, that the strong and firm capacities of his intellectual being have not had opportunity calmly and consistently to develop themselves. But within and beneath the volatile curiosity which is engrossed by externality, and almost entirely detached from it, is a deep, subtle, intensely-vital sensibility, which is a fund of creative affluence, and which, when fully worked out by the owner, will yield magnificent results. Separated from the electrical excitability of the upper and outer surface of the character, there lies a large substratum, whose action possesses a galvanic power and exhaustlessness. Hitherto, he seems not to have been able to master, and get the management and use of his genius. With the power, he possesses much of the impatience of that nervous temperament, which, when controlled, is inspiration and energy, but when unsubjected, is distraction and weakness. Time, which sometimes

builds up a character, by a process of breaking down its infirmities, will advance this person into a higher sphere of effort and distinction. When he has worked out and off the too fertile alluvion, whose rapid fertility has misled him as to the true wealth of his own being, he will discern the genuine treasures with which nature has endowed him, and will address himself to the duty which rests upon the depository of such resources. Of late, we have witnessed a decided increase in the force and freedom with which his native inspiration of thought throws itself abroad. What a profound, complete and exquisite estimate of the character of Poe, is that which has recently been copied through the papers. Yet it was thrown off within a few hours after the intelligence of his death reached the city by telegraph. We venture to predict a new and far brighter future for the fame of Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Ere many years are past, he will have vindicated his title to take rank among the most shining of our original authors.

Dr. Griswold possesses remarkable powers of conversation. At a dinner-table of literary men, and men of the world, few will equal him in the original, rapid, brilliant flow of his remarks. Such a scene is well suited to display the variety of his powers, and almost unlimited resources of his information. When animated by the presence of a company which commands his respect, and kindles his ambition, he seems to rise to a higher grade of faculties, to be gifted with new powers of memory, and to be furnished with unfailing supplies of appropriate and eloquent language. At such times, his discourse has the readiness, the fluency and the correctness of written composition. With a mind quickly susceptible to every suggestion of enlightened curiosity, he catches any topic which you may present, glances with swift yet natural transition from the thing before him to something a thousand leagues away from him; enters, if invited, upon a critical discussion of some doubtful and difficult subject in literary history, gives you new, particular, and exact views of it; or discusses the topics of the day, with a vivid interest, and such interior knowledge as might seem attainable only by one habitually behind the scenes in all places. At the least, he always keeps his company awake, and if a little given to paradox, he is not the less on that account a very lively and very agreeable companion.

His social virtues are excellent. He is a firm, devoted friend. He will go through fire and water to serve those whom he respects and values. As an enemy, he is dignified and not at all vindictive. In many instances he has treated with noble magnanimity, those who did him grievous wrong. When the confidence of his mind is given, he displays a chivalrous fidelity and loyalty. As the Quarterly once said of Dr. Parr, he would never think of cutting an old friend merely because he happened to be going to Botany Bay. When the town lays a man down, Dr. Griswold is disposed to take him up with increased ardor. He has a sort of Coriolanus-passion for unpopularity in a good cause. These are the peculiarities of a noble nature; and if they provoke the impertinence of the *canaille* of scribblers, they attract and interest the sympathies of gentlemen.

J. H. M.

V I S I O N S .

Thou dost come to me in dreams,
When entranced in slumber deep,
And thy radiant countenance seems,
Like some angel-guard, to keep
Watch above my quiet sleep.

Or we seem to stray together,
Through some land of rare delight,
Where the sky's unstained ether
Is with sunshine ever bright,
And the earth with flowers is dight.

Trees are round, whose spreading shade
Seems inviting us to rest ;
' Let us then, dear beauteous maid,
Seat us on Earth's fragrant breast,
Where the flowers long to be pressed.'

Birds like joyous spirits sing
'Mid the branches every where ;
And near fountains upward fling
Dewy freshness on the air,
Making music rich and rare.

Thou dost lean upon my breast
With thy sweet lips near to mine,
Smiles that ne'er can be expressed
Linger round that rosy line,
In whose depths pearls faintly shine.

And I feel thy balmy breathing,
Warm and glowing on my cheek ;
And thine arms around me wreathing,
Thrill my soul, till I am weak,
With a joy I cannot speak.

And thine eye — thy love-lit eye ;
Half unclosed, yet who can tell ;
O ! I faint — I fall — I die !
Break, enchantress, break the spell,
Ere my spirit quits its cell !

.

Now my soul is lapped again
In a maze of wildering thought ;
Visions floating through my brain,
Void and formless as if brought
Unfinished to the mind, and fraught

With a thousand wayward fancies,
Wild Imagination's brood:
Now some glorious vision dances
Bright before me — now the mood
Shifts, to dreamless slumber wooed.

Then once more thy countenance dawns
On the deep night of my slumber,
Lighting up my heart's dark lawns,
Showering, in its valleys sombre,
Rays of sunlight without number.

We are sitting side-by-side
On a hill-top high and grand,
With a mossy seat supplied,
By the soft cool breezes fanned,
Breezes of a mountain land.

Lakes that rival with the sky
In their azure beauty, spread
Far below, while, pure and high,
The mountain rears its skyey head
Where eternal snows are shed,
By which yon sun-bright waves are fed.

There we sit and read the volume
Of some mighty bard of old,
And his lays sublime and solemn
Seem to grow more high and bold
When from thy divine lips rolled.

Every feature of thy face
Seemeth changed and glorified;
Free from earthly stain or trace,
Spiritualized and purified,
Fit to be a spirit's bride.

And thine eyes of liquid blue
Melt with love and tenderness;
Them a sweet light trembles through,
Making radiant all thy face
With a matchless loveliness.

Thus thou seemest unto me,
Sweetest vision of the night!
Making her grim demons flee
Swiftly as the morning light,
Puts the earth-born mists to flight,
Making her than day more bright.

H. R.

Sheboygan Falls, (Wis.), June 21, 1850.

The Bunkum Flag-Staff.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED FOR GENERAL CIRKELATION, AND SUITABLE TO ALL TASTES.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. II.

AUGUST 1, 1850.

No. 4.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

SOME NARROW AND PERREDJUDICED AND CONTRAKTED MINDS take offence at a *style* of writing of a unick lightness. They say that it is folly, and to their heads (being dull-headed) it may be so. Whereas, they do not see, that when an earnest man, who wants to do good, *adopts* (just as a man who has no children adopts) a certain method or style, no matter if it be Yankysm, or Carlysm, or the common method of talking of the ked'ntry, which, though homely, has a great deal of force into it, it answers his porpoise tolerabul well. We speak a pure Saxon English, and thereby rest content, without aimin' to be a great writer. You write a long moral essay, with a head and a tail, a firstly, secondly, thirdly, and conclusion to it, and nobody but the D.D.'s of the land read one word of it; and they read it not to get any good out of it, but to write another long moral essay in reply to it, and to show that their heads is rounder, keener, and more intellectewl. What is the use-t?

A NUMBER of communications which we have received are rejected. We shall keep them to light our (we don't smoke any cigars) fire.

VOL. XXXVI.

12

LET any man of true genus read ALBERT PIKE's Hymns to the Gods, and if he don't agree with us that they are of the excelsior kind of excellence in poetry, our reputation for taste (which is good) is altogether forfeit. Albert, they are superb. Give us more. Blackwood knows that it is a miracle that backwood should produce them; but this ked'ntry is the place for miracles. We can show them more gold, whether it be the mere dross of Californy, or the higher intellectual wares of Brainland, in one short moneth, taking it from the Bay of Fun-dy to Terra del Fuego, than down-trodden Ewrop can in one year. We are fresh.

THE other day, riding in an omnibus, (and omnibuses are rather too thick, some say, for the good of the city: we speak of York;) still we like to see them bobbing up and down over the Russ pavement, crammed with human beinks, forming with the drivers on top, who are crying in a fugue chorus, down by the Park: 'Ride up! ride up! ride up!' also by Niblo's Gardens, when the play is out, say eleven o'clock at night; and we should be

extremely sorry to see a rail-road laid down in that thoroughfare, on which folks would be carried on an air line, and some little boys and old gentlemen run over, at least more so than they do now by the hacks in rapid driving; and we can't for a moment of time think that the corporation would entertain (although they are fond of entertaining in their tea-room) such a projek, which would entirely destroy the looks of their thoroughfare, (why should they think that Broadway is too crowded when eyes and ears and muscles (we do not speak of the shell-fish) are a-plenty rapid enough to get out of the way if they were double as many omnibuses, what with twisting and turning and halting, and the proper number of policemen?) yes, we say, as we were riding the other day into an omnibus, we noticed a young man with a heavy chain about his bosom. The links of it look like the chain cable of a man of war, and at first we think he is going to the Penitentiary; but bimeby we see the chain made of gold. We whispers to a friend: 'What's he been doing? and they must be getting rich at Sing Sing to send their prisoners out with gold chains.' 'Poh!' says he, 'what a green horn you are! You must be from Bunkum.' I said I edited the Flag-Staff. Might I put his name down for a subscriber? 'That young man,' said he, 'belongs to the Upper Ten of New-York, and that chain is tied to the eend of his watch.' Says I, 'You shaw!'

Who will send us a bottle of good wine? And Echo answers whoo? We do not ordinarily make use of it, but at present we are sick, and our physician has advised us to drink it.

OLD DR. HUMBUG AND YOUNG DR. HUMBUG. — The strife between these medicals is not yet settled, and who has the better of it we can't say. At one time we think the Antick has it; at another, the Juvenile. That there is mercury in both these rival compositions of saxafax, not the least shadow of doubt. This had not ought to be. These gentleman do not do fair to sneak in this obnoxious substance under the disguise of molasses, when they know it is at a discount, and professed to be all vegetabel. You may rap mercury around with molasses, gentlemen; but he can't be pinned down like a fly. He will git out and make himself known in the system. You can't *do it*, and we would n't take a drop of your saxafax if we knew there was mercury into it, sooner than rank p'ison. How is this? Have n't you said upon honor that you sold a pure article? We do n't like it. We will not advertise it in our columns. Which has the most concentrated pure saxafax into it has lately been diskivered by the saxafaxometer, whereby we learn that young Dr. Humbug's has ninety-three hundredths in it, (a very small *minyum*) and old Dr. Humbug's ninety-five hundredths in it (a very small *maxyum*.) In conclusion, we decide that they are both humbugs, and brothers ought not to fall out. Let the young Dr. look at that venerabel pictur' of the old Dr., all creviced and gullied with age, full of wrinkles over the brow, and learn to respect age, that your days may be long in the land. For ourselves we feel like a pedlar from the ked'ntry, who seeing a cat and a pole-cat contending by the highway, with spitting, ebullition, snarling, rangling, and excentricity of smell, remarked pithily, as he

turned aside to sell a pair of patent suspenders — he wished the devil had 'em both.

Too BAD. — We have received from a subscriber in California, from one Amos Brown, in part pay for one year's subscription, the following articles which in his peccoliar spelling, he says is 'all the surkelatin' medium he can raze at present. Please gimme kredet into the next 'Flag-Staff' for following articles:

'1. Kase lam's wool. Don't bring too near phire. (This by experiment we found to be gun-cotton, and by-the-by, we were going to ask what has becum of gun-cotton lately? It made quite a noise a spell ago.)

'2. Kopper ornerment to put on the back of your watch with pictur' of kupid leading his sun bi a chane.

'3. One conternental Spanish milled half dollar, (it aint worth a cent.)

'4. The balans in Turkey money.' (A small Turkish copper coin.)

Our feelings were hurt. Not one of the above articles are included among those received by us for pay as advertised in prospectus. Living in California, could he not have sent us some of the dust? A mere handful? What would it have been to him? Why are men so unwilling to part with the *dust*? Of the hundreds who have it, not one in a hundred but hang onto it as if it was a part of their own natur'. We think it hardens the heart, and makes men more tight and stingy than what they were before. What is gold good for unless to make our feller men happy? Here are we chained to

the oar like a gallon-slave, leading an exciting life of mind, and our subscriber Mr. Brown in Californy, where the gold is picked up in the streets, wants to pay us in conternental currency! We won't have it! Also, a 'pictur' of cupid' on copper! What do we want of kupid? We have had enough of kupid in our day. Magnificent man this Brown is. He also sends us a long letter very badly speld, so bad that we can't put it into 'Flag-Staff.' We herewith send him our bill, and he may pay it or not as he likes:

MR. BROWN, OF CALIFORNIA
TO THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF DR.
To one year's subscription, One hundred Dollars.

Let us see if his generosity will take the hint.


THE weather has been very — for this climate — warm.

A large sturgeon was caught in this (we believe it was) harbor, day before, (we think it was) yesterday.

Since the death of our lamented President, the politicians have been on the *qui* (do'n't you call it) *vive*.

Captain Coddle is dead, and bore his dyin' testimony to the saas.

Is Mrs. Partington of the present day, any relation of the old lady who tried to sweep the sea out of her door with a broom?

 No connection of this paper with 'Trumpet Blast of Freedom.' What a ram's horn blast that fellow do blow!

The gash that was lately talked about don't seem to burn. It is made of hidergen. We suspek the light is well enough, but as one of our Boston cotemperry's has adequately said, people can't see through the *Parne*.

Original Poetry.

A BEGGAR told his sorrows one by one.
I answered, 'gold and silver have I none;
And turned my back and waved a sad good bye.
When seeing tears were standing in my eye,
'Oh! rich man decked with diamonds from the mine,
Why deem,' he said, 'that treasures are not thine?
Let me but gaze upon those sparkling gems
And kings may wear their precious diadems.'

Selected Poetry.

BY THOS. RANDALL, A RESIDENT OF EATON, N. H.

Air: Old Hundred and Fifty.

GREAT GOD, I'll gaze and sing thy praise,
Here in this world of wonder;
While stars do praise, and comets blaze,
Each wakes my heart like thunder.

The clouds do clash, while lightnings' flash
Light up the vault of heaven;
The winds do pour, while thunders roar;
Thence wat'ry drops are given.

The clouds in haste are swiftly chased,
Drove by a windy motion;
Without delay they wing their way,
Borne to the briny ocean.

Thence, if they're dry, receive supply,
To increase their wat'ry treasure;
Without delay they soar away,
And deal it out by measure.

Advertisements.


MR. PETER CRAM respectively informs the inhabitants of Bunkum and the adjacent and adjoining vicinity, that he has come to this place callin' to lectur' and form classes in Sammody. He has been taugthing for some time in the western ked'ntry, where he 'gin the most perfect satisfaction. The glorious art of music is not appreciated, military bands excepted, which he feels fully conscious of being capable of so doing, by a thorough knowledge of his system of rhythm, melody, and dynamics. Some attend to rhythm at the expense of melody, and some melodious at the expense of dynamics, while CRAM'S COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF EASTERN SINGING THROUGH THE NOSE AND MOUTH comprehends all three. It walks up and makes its bow to rhythm, takes melody by the hand, and inculcates a thorough and entire knowledge on the part of the peupils of dynamics, thus includin' with its wide arms the whole subject of sammody. Who would be ignorant of sammody? This was known when the mornin' stars sang together for joy.

Mr. PETER CRAM respectfully invites those who are come, callin' to make disturbance in his lectur's, to stay away. Having recovered from fits, he does not want ink-stands, or any other stands, to be thrown at his head; but when he says 'Sound!' expec those who are honest to hold up their heads and sound. Can also teach spellin' and writin'. A case of this kind recently presented. Some fellers came underneath his lectur'-room for the express porpoise to make dis-

turbance. They had been and gone and got a butcher's blather, and had loaded it down up to the hilt with *selfrated hidtergen gash*, and they was a-pumping it up right up into my lectur'-room. It was too bad. The first division went out and never come back: a clear loss to us of ten dollars. It was an xlent class. Those who wish to learn sammody requested to come, and the rest stay away. Mr. PETER CRAM will be in his room to-morrow morning, where he also takes daguerreotypes. Also a patent churn, to go by dog-power. And those informed ladies and otherwise who mean to come, as we hope they doo, terms moderate, that the police will be hired at a fixed salary to keep out the gash. It is too bad. We think we never smeld a more dreadful killin' smell; enough to generate the Shatick colera, no matter how healthy the community might be, besides breaking up the continuity of classes.

WANTED, a lawyer who will take pay in singin', and prosecute to the xtent of the law (makes no difference how xtensive the law may be) those evil-disposed persons who use the gash. Can any doctor furnish us with an eye-wash, and take sammody in pay? Also in need of a few planned pleank or boards to make benches out on, those now composin' the seats bein' full of splints, and not been sot on long enough to get smooth. We have a little patent Opoddledoc we can recommend; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Would the tenor singer we instructed in Norwich, Connecticut, inform us of his whereabouts? Parents are informed that young children will be instructed in manners, and no pay asked or required. Mr. CRAM throws it in, to make the measure full, heapin' down, runnin' over. Call soon, as his stay in Bunkum is more than ordinary limited, and bring your singin'-books with you.

 New classes continually forming.

STRIDGY.—SMITH AND SMITHSON will publish to-morrow morning, as soon as the sun rises, a magnificent new work, of the above title, pronounced by adequate judges (and we rely on no others than those that are adequate) equal, if not superior, to Mr. COOPER'S 'Spy.' 'STRIDGY' is a novel of land and water, steam-ships, sailing vessels, sloops, schooners and rail-roads; and in order to bring it within the reach of every one, we have resolved to put it at sixpence. Who is there that cannot put out his hand and reach a sixpence? Send in your ordures, as the first edition is exhausted before it is gone to press.

MILLIONS, &c.—Water, Mush, and other Millions, now on hand by the wagon-load. Also, Straw, Black, Huckle, and other Berries, from Water, Shrews, and Canter Bury, the Jersey and other sands.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The followin' subscriptions have been received for Flag-Staff:

JOHN SHORTS,.....	\$1.00
P. P.,.....	Cucumbers
T. T.,.....	Grits
Mr. JOHNSON, Cherry Valley, Hay, Oats, 5 bushels	
EPHENEUS TOMPKINS,.....	2 shillin's, in part pay
ELKARAT LAWRENCE,.....	Some Joist
MARY SIMMINS,.....	3 pair Stockin's
SQUEAKING JOHNNY,.....	1 load Manure
JEROTHNAH BUBBINS,.....	\$1.25
ABOLIBAMAH JONES,.....	Dried Apples
DONY WIX,.....	Sour Crout
PETER KERNIPPLE, Sangerties,.....	Shorts
A. V. M.,.....	75 cents
POOR MAN IN ARKANSAS,.....	A lock of Hair
From 'INSOLVENT',.....	Many Thanks
From A. B., J. R., &c., sundry things; but we are	
too sick to go on.	

Prospectus.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individuals. Our brother has also written to us in most flatterin' terms of our journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, who is all smiles and dimples, is ENGAGED — not to be married, reader, though that *is* an event no doubt to take place — but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it occurs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head:

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF
IS EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

It gives us pleasure to state that the Flag-Staff meets with the warm approbation of our brother, from whom the following is an extract:

'DEAR BROTHER: I like your 'Flag-Staff' very much for the independen' course it pursues; and people in this part of the ked'ntry approve it very highly. Uncle JOHN is sick with the rheumatiz, but now better. Please set me down for one subscriber.
Your affectionate brother,

'PETER WAGSTAFF.'

Mr. Woolsey approves it:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I like your paper very much.
'JOHN WOOLSEY.'

RECOMMENDATIONS.

'It is a good paper.'


Bunkum Flag-Staff.


'It beats our own paper all hollow; there is more humor into it.'
Trumpet-Blast of Freedom.

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this offis. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once't a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, fipenny bits and Uniten'd Stets' currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store-pay, corn, potatoes, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, snake-root, cord-wood, hemp, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, gingshang-root, vinegar, punkins, harness, ellacompaine, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, hogshead shooks, old junk, sapsago cheese, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

☞ Those who do n't want the last number of the FLAG-STAFF please return it to this offis, post-paid, as the demand for that number is very great. A patent churn

and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspection.

 WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER Cow; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a week.

 FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER. PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.

Contents of the Present Number.

- ART. I. EDITORIAL LEADER.
- II. ALBERT PIKE.
- III. ADVENTURE IN AN OMNIBUS.
- IV. TO CORRESPONDENTS.
- V. OLD AND YOUNG DR. HUMBUG.
- VI. TOO BAD.
- VII. A BOTTLE OF WINE.
- VIII. ITEMS.
- IX. POETRY.
- X. MR. CRAM.
- XI. STRIDGY.
- XII. MILLIONS, &c.
- XIII. ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.
- XIV. PROSPECTUS.
- XV. TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE YOUNG WIDOW'S LAMENT:

OR THE PROMPTINGS OF NATURE.

I.

Ah! why should I be sad to-day,
And weep among the flowers,
While Nature holds her bridal gay
To cheer the noontide hours?

II.

Say, am I not of temper mild,
To feel the gladsome thrill
That wakes the wood, the mountain wild,
The running, rippling rill?

III.

The little birds that cheer the day,
And wake the morning hours,
The same glad song to evening pay
Amid these secret bowers:

IV.

The tender ivy, bright and fair,
That twines the noble tree,
Fades not in desolate despair,
Though storms should rend it free.

V.

The brook that sparkles in the glade,
The flower that blushes near,
Have each their sunshine and their shade,
Yet they laugh through their year:

VI.

But I am left to mourn alone,
My tears must ever flow;
The sun that on my joys once shone
Now shines upon my wo.

G. M.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE and JAMES BROWN. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

PUNCTUAL to the day comes this long-established and influential Quarterly, freighted with more than its accustomed variety, and distinguished on the present occasion by somewhat more than its wonted fire and spirit. There are one or two papers in the present 'issuo' that 'bite shrewdly.' The usual collection of brief 'Critical Notices' is omitted, unless the various speeches, letters, reports, etc., touching the 'Action of Congress on the California and Territorial Question,' may be supposed to constitute such collection; but independent of these, there are nine articles proper, upon the following themes: 'Sir T. E. BUXTON's Labors as an opponent of Slavery;' TRUMBULL's 'Public Records of Connecticut;' 'THOMPSON and KAEMPTZ on Meteorology;' 'LODGE's Translation of WINCKELMANN on Ancient Art;' COOPER's 'Ways of the Hour — Trial by Jury;' 'HAWTHORNE's Scarlet Letter;' 'ALISON's Poems and Lectures on Art;' 'Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions;' and 'Public Libraries.' Of these several papers, those which have most interested us are those on TRUMBULL's 'Public Records of Connecticut,' on COOPER's 'Ways of the Hour,' and 'Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions;' although the articles on WINCKELMANN and on 'Public Libraries' are eminently readable. From the paper upon COOPER we make the following extract. The author of 'The Spy,' the 'Pilot' and 'Red Rover,' who is so well known to the reading world in almost all modern languages, can afford to receive any amount of critical 'punishment' without flinching:

MR. COOPER as a novelist is but the ghost of his former self. He committed literary suicide at least ten years ago; and the volume now before us, though it bears his name, certainly affords no proof of his resurrection, or the restoration of his faculties. We are provoked enough to doubt the asseveration of the title page; The Ways of the Hour is *not* written by the author of The Spy: it is a lame and impotent caricature of that author's manner, exhibiting and exaggerating all his faults, but showing none of his excellencies, and not animated by one spark of his genius. With some glaring defects of manner, with ill-jointed and most improbable plots, feeble delineations of character, and an abundance of prosy conversations, the earlier fictions of that author still showed so many striking merits, as fairly to earn for him, for a while the title of the American novelist. His strength consisted chiefly in his descriptive power and his skill as a narrator. Many of the scenes and incidents created an interest that was almost painful. The escape of the pedler spy with a squadron of Virginia light-horsemen at his heels, the chase of an American frigate by an English squadron, the wreck of the Ariel, the defence of the island at Glenn's Falls against a troop of savages, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill as witnessed by Lionel Lincoln, are passages almost unmatched for power, vivacity, and scenic effect by any novelist except SCOTT. The remainder of the story through which these fine sketches were distributed was generally a curious piece of patchwork, the best quality of which was negative; it did not avert the reader's attention from the incidents, and land or sea views, which alone were worthy of it. Characters supposed to be men and women flitted about, and held interminable conversations with each other about nothing at all; these were necessary, indeed, for the progress of the story, but they were none the less incumbrances. MR. COOPER never invented but two probable and interesting characters in his life; LONG TOM COFFIN and the

LEATHERSTOCKING; and the latter of these, as if to show how much the writer was delighted with his success, was made to figure in about six different novels, at as many stages of his supposed life. This poverty of invention in character, and the almost total want of humor and pathos, are the probable causes why even the most successful productions of our author would seldom bear a second reading. They were commonly laid aside after the first perusal, with a feeling that the whole stock of amusement which they could afford had been exhausted.

Mr. COOPER's literary existence properly terminated with the publication of *The Monikins*, a novel of which it is not possible to say much, as we have never read it, and never met with any individual who had. It was the close of a lamentable series of fictions, the scenes of which were supposed to take place on European ground, and to embody the results of the author's observation while abroad. The good-natured and much-enduring public, slow to forget an old favorite, read them all through in the vain hope of finding somewhere a touch of the author's unrivalled power of description. But the first individual who made the same benevolent attempt upon *The Monikins*, dislocated his jaws before completing the second chapter; and no one has dared to repeat the experiment. Of the novels which have come after it, amounting on the average to at least one in each year, it is enough to say that they are written by a shade of Mr. COOPER, who represents very fairly his bad taste, his garrulity, and his prejudices, but bears no likeness of his manlier features. Many of them are not novels, or romantic fictions, in the proper sense of the term, but tedious arguments, or querulous pleas addressed to the community's sense of justice, founded on the imaginary slights or wrongs which the author has suffered. He has had the misfortune, apparently, to quarrel with the world, or with that small portion of the world with whom the location of his property brings him immediately in contact. He has thought proper to carry on this war with his own peculiar weapons, by publishing a series of stories, which appear to be very bitter village satires. P. P., clerk of our parish, has seemingly quarrelled with the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and the representative to Congress; and he seeks to gain his revenge by gibbeting them all in print. But he has succeeded in manifesting his purpose, much more than his power to wound; he has shown bad policy, bad temper, and bad taste. If his satirical strokes are really directed against individuals, as they appear to be, the intended victims are shielded from harm by their own insignificance. The world at large does not know, and cannot know, that Lawyer TIMMS stands for Mr. A., that Mr. B. is pilloried under the appellation of SAUCY WILLIAMS, or that Mrs. POPE represents the garrulous and silly busybody, Mrs. C. These worthy individuals are no more personalities in the world's eye than so many letters of the alphabet.

We would not do Mr. COOPER any injustice. We know nothing of the grounds of his dispute with his neighbors, nothing of the causes which have brought upon him the enmity of many newspapers editors, or have involved him in a long succession of lawsuits. It is even possible that he has not alluded to these personal matters in his recent novels, but that the ill-favored pictures in them are only types of a class, not portraits of individuals. If so, our ground of censure is only shifted, not taken away. If he has not quarrelled with a particular society, he has quarrelled with all North-America; if these sketches are not libels upon individuals, they are libels upon his countrymen at large. They are ebullitions of ill-nature, petulant manifestations of an irritable and scolding temperament. Mr. COOPER evidently does not like our American works and ways. But he cannot censure them in the spirit of a philosopher or a humorist; he can only croak and growl. Consequently, his sketches of character abound in marks of bad temper and savage exaggeration, without being enlivened by a single stroke of wit or playful fancy, or evincing any power of grotesque and humorous combination. Hence, they appear, as we have said, like personal satires or libels; their aspect is neither truthful nor complaisant. They are not imaginative portraits of American life in general, but sour caricatures; it matters not whether of persons or classes.⁷

Among other amusing things quoted in the article on the 'Public Records of Connecticut' we find the following order touching the chewing of tobacco: 'In a long order, very elaborately drawn up, all minors, and all other persons not already addicted to the noxious weed, were forbidden to use it, except under a physician's certificate that it would be useful to him, and a special license from the court. In order that the persons thus excepted might not abuse the indulgence, it was further provided, that no one should 'take any tobacco publicly in the street, nor shall any take it in the fyelds or woods, unless when they be on their travill or joyrny at least ten myles, or at the ordinary tyme of repast commonly called dynner, or if it be not then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other.' Bravo! Let the degenerate legislators of modern times, who spend three months in discussing an abstraction, and then adjourn without coming to any conclusion respecting it, take a lesson in cautious, minute, and practical law-making from our Puritan forefathers.' From the paper upon 'Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions,' we take a single passage, touching upon the expedition recently sent out through the munificent philanthropy of Mr. GRINNELL of New-York: 'We confidently expect this scintillation of American energy will achieve something memorable, perhaps find FRANKLIN, perhaps trace the configuration of the unknown coast ar north of the Parry Islands, perhaps make some discovery that no one wots of.

Many exploring expeditions have hovered around the antarctic ice, but it was reserved for an American to find the land which lies behind it. More than one expedition has been sent to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; but only the American succeeded in making a survey of them. More than one great nation has talked of digging a canal or building a rail-road across the isthmus of Panama; but only the American has begun the work. We are now to see what this same energy will accomplish on the peculiar ground of British discovery. These expeditions cannot be abortive. If FRANKLIN is alive, as they who ought to be most capable of judging say he is, he certainly will be found; if not, his loss will be ascertained. At any rate, important geographical discoveries will be made.' The 'North-American' has made a mistake in assigning to Mr. MOSES GRINNELL, of New-York, the honor of this enterprise. It is not that quick-judging, quick-acting, opulent and liberal merchant, who has taken the matter in hand, but a brother, and former partner, HENRY GRINNELL, Esq.; a man of equal liberality, but of a retiring, quiet nature, who silently makes up his mind to perform a noble act, and then enters upon its performance with a confidence that nothing can daunt. There is still another brother, Hon. Mr. GRINNELL, member of Congress from the New-Bedford district of Massachusetts, a man of sound qualities as a legislator, and a merchant of large fortune, and of the highest character. We are glad to learn that the circulation of the 'North-American' is increasing. It well deserves this favor at the hands of our countrymen.

THE KORAN, COMMONLY CALLED THE ALKORAN OF MOHAMMED. Translated into English immediately from the Original Arabic. In one volume. pp. 670. Philadelphia: J. W. MOORE, Number 193 Chesnut-street.

THE recent interesting 'Life of MOHAMMED,' by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, which has been so widely perused, will awaken a new interest in the volume before us. It contains a great number of explanatory notes, taken from the most approved commentators, to which is prefixed a preliminary discourse. The present is a new edition, and is enriched by a memoir of the translator, 'GEORGE SALE, Gent.,' and with various readings and illustrative notes from SAVARY's version of the Koran. Many a reader of the book before us will be surprised to find what sort of a work the Koran really is. 'As false as the Koran' is a common expression, yet it contains many and great truths. The very opening sentences, (which compose a prayer that is held in great veneration by the Mahomedans, who repeat it in their public and private devotions as Christians do the Lord's prayer,) are fervent and beautiful, and such as would become any Christian to repeat, and to treasure up in a 'good and honest heart.' 'Praise be to God, the LORD of all creatures; the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment! THEE do we worship, and of THEE do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom THOU hast been gracious; not of those against whom THOU art incensed, nor of those who go astray.' 'MOHAMMED,' says the translator, 'gave his Arabs the best religion he could, as well as the best laws, preferable at least to those of the ancient pagan law-givers. I cannot see, therefore, why he does not deserve equal respect, though not with MOSES or JESUS CHRIST, whose laws came really from Heaven, yet with MINOS or NUMA, notwithstanding the distinction of a learned writer, who seems to think it a greater crime to make use of an impostor to set up a *new* religion, founded on the acknowledgment of one true God, and to destroy idolatry, than to use the same means to gain reception to rules

and regulations for the more orderly practice of heathenism already established.' The volume under notice is well printed, and great care has been taken to prevent its being disfigured by typographical errors, which are peculiarly objectionable in a work of its kind, because they would render it unsafe to be consulted. The sketch of the life of SALE, the translator, contains many particulars not hitherto stated, and successfully vindicates his memory from aspersions which have been cast upon it by the prejudiced or the ignorant.

THE OLD JUDGE, OR LIFE IN A COLONY. By Judge HALIBURTON, author of 'SAM SLICK, the Clock-Maker.' New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THESE sketches, twenty in number, are drawn by the author from nature, after a residence of half a century among the people whose habits, manners, and social condition they delineate. The writer has given to his work the form of a tour, and to himself the character of a stranger, 'for the double purpose of avoiding the prolixity of a journal, by the omission of tedious details, and the egotism of an author, by making others speak for themselves in their own way.' It is the rare ability to do this latter, which imparts such a charm to the writings of Judge HALIBURTON. His style is the perfection of ease; and one can hardly fail, in opening a page of his, to be interested by the simplicity and nature of his dialogue or narrative; always excepting when he mounts a political hobby, when he is as dull as political conversationists usually are. Some of the sketches contained in the volume we have before encountered in the pages of FRAZER'S Magazine; but they have been revised, and their order adroitly transposed, so as to make them blend harmoniously with the additional numbers contained in the work. It is a matter of some self-denial, but we must content ourselves with a passage or two from only one out of the twenty sketches before us; '*The Old Admiral and the Old General*,' a well-contrasted and well-depicted pair of portraits. After remarking upon the 'days of puppyism' of the army subaltern, the old judge observes:

'The dear little middy is a different sort of person altogether; he does not try to play the man, for he actually is one; a frank, jolly, ingenuous fellow. The cockpit is no place for affectation and nonsense, and if by any chance they find their way there, they are expelled forthwith by common consent; there is no pity or sympathy even for the real distress of an 'exquisite.' I recollect an anecdote of poor THEODORE HOOK'S on this subject. 'I never knew,' he said, 'but one instance of real sympathy. I was in an outward-bound man-of-war off the Cape of Good Hope. The weather was very stormy, the sea ran mountains high, and the ship labored dreadfully. One night I put on my dreadnought coat and nor'-wester hat, and went on deck. It was so dark, and the rain falling in torrents, that it was difficult at first to distinguish objects. The boatswain was pacing to and fro as usual, on his watch, and I held on by the rigger, for the purpose of ascertaining his opinion of the probability of a change of weather, when I heard a voice like that of a child crying. The sailor and I both approached the spot together whence the sound issued, where we found a little midshipman weeping bitterly, as he clung to the weather bulwarks to protect himself from the storm. 'Hullo! who are you that are blubbering like a baby there?' said the veteran, in a voice that resembled the roll of a drum. 'Lord WINDLAS, Sir,' was the reply. 'Who the devil sent you here?' 'My father, Sir.' 'More fool he for his pains!—he ought to have kept you at school. Did you cry when you left home?' 'Yes, Sir,' said the little fellow, releasing his hold, and putting both fists to his eyes, as if to stop the gushing tears. 'And your mother; did she cry?' 'Ye-es, Sir.' The old tar paused for a moment, as if touched by this instance of maternal tenderness, and at last said, in a voice of great feeling, 'Poor old devil!' and twitching up his waistbands, resumed his walk. Now that,' said HOOK, 'was the only instance of real sympathy I ever saw. 'Poor old devil!' How much those words convey when they come from the heart!'

A good idea of the character of the 'old admiral' may be gathered from this little passage between himself and the 'old judge' who records it:

"My good friend," he said, "your country has had more than its share of your time and attention. I must monopolize you now while you are in Halifax, for we have our mutual histories to relate, and much to say to each other. To-morrow we are to have a regatta. I suppose it would be *intra dig*, for the old judge and the old admiral to dance a jig together before the youngsters, but I'll tell

you what, old boy; I do n't know what you can do, but I could dance one yet, and, by Jove! when we are alone this evening we will try. It will remind us of old times. What has become of the SMITHS?—monstrous fine gals those!—I have often thought of them since.' 'Dead.' 'Dead! the devil they are!—how shocking! And those two romping little Browns?—married, I suppose, and have romping little daughters?' I shook my head. 'Gone, too?' I said. 'You forget that forty years have passed since they were young, and that the greater part of that generation has passed away.' 'Well, thank God! you and I, old fellow, have not passed away! I do n't know what you intend to do, but I have no idea of going yet, if I can help it. I am worth a dozen dead men, and so are you.' While active employment had kept him so busy that he appeared not to have been aware of the lapse of years, time also had passed him without notice; his spirits were as buoyant and joyous as ever.'

The old admiral relates the following anecdote of an old uncle who commanded a frigate on the Boston station, previous to the American revolution :

'HAVING put into one of the puritanical ports of New-England, he happened to dine on shore, and, as usual with him when not on board, got tipsy. The selectmen, who affected to be dreadfully shocked at such a bad example being set by people in high places, apprehended him and put him in the stocks, as a terror to all evil-doers. For once in his life, for he was a violent-tempered man, he uttered no threats and made no complaints, but quietly submitted himself to the inevitable insult. On the following day he called upon the committing magistrates, applauded their zeal and impartiality in administering the law, and invited them to come and dine on board with him, as a proof that they no longer harbored any resentment against him for the heinous offence he had perpetrated. This they readily agreed to do, and were accordingly most kindly received and hospitably entertained, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly. As the time approached for their departure, a servant entered the cabin and whispered to the custos that there was a gentleman above who desired to speak to him for a moment on urgent business. As soon as the justice made his appearance on deck the boatswain seized him, stripped him, and tying him up, gave a dozen lashes. Each of the others were severally summoned, and punished in a similar manner, when they were set on shore; the anchor was hoisted, and the vessel put under weigh for England.'

Rather 'sharp practice,' this, and not over-hospitable, the good dinner to the contrary notwithstanding. Such a dessert should not have crowned such a feast, although revenge might suggest that it was only their just deserts.

EUTHANASY: OR HAPPY TALK TOWARD THE END OF LIFE. By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, AUTHOR OF 'Martyria,' &c. Second Edition, with Additions. Boston: WILLIAM CROSBY and H. P. NICHOLS..

This is a very delightful book. There is a tone of tender religious feeling running through it; a deep sense of the duties and responsibilities of this present life, and a just and vivid conception of the 'life which is to come.' Moreover, the style of the work is in the highest degree attractive; being simple, colloquial, and yet always dignified; while its illustrations, drawn from nature, are invariably felicitous. We have said thus much, rather to indicate than to set forth the character of the work, for we lack space for extended extracts, being compelled to limit our strong desire to that end to the annexed brief passage: 'To many men the next world is blank, because they do not know how they are to feel in it. Yet how they now hear and see and feel they cannot at all tell. I touch this table with my hand, and now in my mind there is knowledge whether the table is hard or soft; but, up my fingers and arm, how did the sensation of touching the table pass into my brain? I do not know. Now, as I speak, the air between us vibrates; there are airy vibrations; this we know; but there is no knowing how the words of my mouth become instant ideas in your mind. How our souls will live hereafter is not a greater mystery than how our bodies do live now. This world is not like a parlor, in which we know all the furniture and every corner; if it were, we might well shrink from death, and think it a door opening out of the familiarly known into the fearfully unknown. Birth, growth, health and sickness, labor wearying the body and sleep refreshing it, food supporting and poisons hurting it; of life in every way, we must say that we cannot tell how it is. And yet there are persons that shrink from the future life, and some that do not

believe it, because they do not feel in what way it will be; while what the way is of the very life they are in they cannot tell; for they cannot tell how sight gets into the brain through the humors of the eye, nor how movements of the air get through the ear to be thoughts in the soul. They do not like thinking of death, because it opens into mystery; while they themselves live in mystery, and move in it, and have all their being in it. A man fears for his soul in a new world, while he cannot find a bird, or animal, or insect, not one, which its life does not exactly suit. Out of the body his soul will go into the man knows not what state, and so his mind misgives him; while there is not a swallow comes out of its egg-shell into this great world unsuited to its manner of life; and because the swallow wants it, there is an instinct of flight in it at a month old which is wiser than geography and astronomy and meteorology.' Are there not some of the more intimate friends of the EDITOR hereof who have heard him make use of the very same remarks, the self-same illustrations, with which the foregoing passage opens? They seemed to us, when we encountered them, a reflex of our own thoughts in our own language. The volume before us is neatly executed; and we predict a speedy 'third edition.'

'THE VERY AGE' A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS. By EDWARD S. GOULD. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

IN one respect, at least, this 'Very Age' is 'the very thing.' It is as keen a satire upon the fashionable apes of foreign follies and vices in this metropolis as one could desire to read. The hits at the absurd imitations of the parvenues of 'upper-tendom' are biting and incessant, and they will 'tell' upon the reader because they are richly deserved. How this comedy would appear, in a representation upon the stage, we have no actual means of knowing, since it has never been acted; but, bating perhaps, in one or two instances, a slight tendency to exaggeration, we see not why it should not prove entirely successful as an acting play. It is full of 'stirring situations;' the interest is seldom interrupted by what is known as 'dramatic necessity;' the scenes are short and various, and the dialogue, in parts, of unusual spirit. The dinner *desagrémens* at Mrs. JENKINS', with her country visitor; the varied and exciting scenes between Mrs. RODNEY, Mr. ERSKINE, his daughter, and the pseudo 'COUNT DE BRESSI,' are crowded with various excitement, and could not fail, we think, to be eminently representable; certainly they are preëminently readable. In a word, there is *acted* in this play that state of society represented by 'Mrs. SPRIGGINS' in her description of the duties and occupations of 'good society,' as now established in New-York: 'We leave cards upon our friends once a-year. Once in a week we have receptions, when our friends call and talk of the weather and the fashions for ten minutes. We accept invitations to balls four times in a week, and as much oftener as we can get them. Preparations for these occupy us from breakfast at eleven o'clock until half-past ten in the evening. And when we get to the balls, we say 'How d'ye do?' stand, push, squeeze around hot and crowded rooms, look at the children dancing, and are too happy when supper is announced. We go to the Opera three times in a week, where we see everybody, and learn and retail all the scandal of the day. We go to church of a Sunday morning in the fashionable season, provided the weather is good and the coachman disposed. And, finally, we go to the theatre whenever a dancer is announced who can swing her foot above the top of her head.' With which facts, we take our leave of this clever comedy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER AMONG THE 'OUTSIDERS.'—We had quite an idea of the 'diffusion' of the KNICKERBOCKER, recently, when we received, in one day, from Turkey, France, Central America, and California, letters-complimentary, touching our 'conduction' of these pages. From one of these, written by a friend who will not be unrecognized by all our readers, we make bold (we trust not *too* bold) to make a few extracts. The date is, 'Leon de Nicaragua, February 11, 1850: 'What a werry hextraordinary coincidence!' Only to think, that I should be journeying from Leon to Grenada just at *that* time! Not 'journeying' exactly, either, but sitting on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, with its waters glowing under the rosy light of a tropical sky, and lapsing around the bases of those giant volcanos, which frown down upon them from the home of the thunder, beneath the shade of a great ceiba, thrusting out its long branches a hundred feet on every side, and gay as a city with its feathered tropical denizens; just to think, that I should be sitting there, (BEN. watering the horses the while,) tossing the rounded pebbles of pumice-stone on the water, and watching them come tip—tip—tipping back, like fairy boats, and thinking how quiet all this was, but how soon perhaps the commerce of the world might be whirling, crushing, steaming, and smoking over the virgin waters, and along their wooded shores; thinking if hereafter, when we all shall have gone down to the grave, the pen of the historian shall write that he, the dusty, musing, weary, pebble-tossing traveller, in the midst of wars and revolutions, alone, without a hand to help him, had paved the way to the grandest enterprise that human daring had ever attempted, or human ingenuity achieved; thinking why the d—l there was no news from home; of the broken faith of 'promising' correspondents; what rousing good social fires they must have there 'about these days;' of new books; and what a *lively* prospect of fleas there was for the night in the Indian huts at Matearas, 'whitherward the childe was wending;' thinking, in short, of a thousand things, when all at once, turning short around a large rock, with a suddenness which brought my hand on the hilt of my sword 'in a winkin', came—what do you suppose? Only a mule, a sorry mule, and an Indian, a naked Indian, spurs on naked heels, rowels three inches long. Well, the aforesaid Indian had a roll before him, a maléta, and as no Indian carries a maléta for himself, (for what has *he* got to put in *malétas*?) it was clear he was a carrier. 'Dónde?' 'Leon, Señor,' with a reverential touch of the hat. A hope! 'Courier?' 'Sí.' 'For whom?' 'El Ministro!' The way that maléta came down was 'no ways slow;' and the way cords were cut, and the contents dragged to light, was n't much slower. And now I come to the 'hextraordinary coincidence.' The first cosa

that turned up was the KNICK. for July, 1849, with its purply, lilac cover, and it opened *right on him*, 'and nobody else!' I laughed and *he* laughed, and then we both laughed, and such a noise we made, that several long-legged cranes, that were meditating in the water close by, lifted up their heads and cried *luck!* which being interpreted meaneth 'Go it!' Painter and engraver seldom succeed so well; and as my friend OCHELLUS LUCANUS says: 'In similitudes there dwelleth life;' so I got up on a rock, and turning out the page, let him take a look around. So if you have dreamed a magnificent dream of mountain, wood and lake, thank me for it. Well, we had a time of it there, much to BEN.'s disgust, and to the amusement of the Indian, who probably supposed that was the way all Americans perform when they get couriers. Finally BEN. suggested that we had five long leagues more to go that night, and that it was said armed bands were about; but trusting to the magic of the word 'Americano,' I was not much concerned on that score. I did n't go off, be sure, until I had dipped into every dish in all the 'Tables' of the numbers sent me. Indian turned back with us, and a 'cussory view' in the maléta revealed many letters with small seals, and some with 'broad seals.' I comforted myself, and verily I say unto you, the weary way to Matearas never seemed so short. That night I 'put up' at the most respectable hut I could find; that is to say, it had a *door*, so that pigs and other 'small deer' might be kept out, if they could be got out. Perhaps you do n't know the ceremony of 'putting up' in these countries? I'll tell you in a word. It consists in riding up to the house or hut which looks most promising, throwing your blanket over one shoulder, and your holsters over the other, walking in with 'Buena noche, Señora,' and taking the best place you can find. If there is a hammock, you pitch into it, and you are 'put up.' Meanwhile your man attends to the horses and gets coffee, which you always carry with you. You eat a dingy tortilla, and a boiled egg, without a knife, fork or spoon, unless you carry those luxuries with you, and then get to sleep as soon as the fleas will let you. But this was an extraordinary occasion: I had letters and papers to read, and a 'three-months' letter from home,' and I asked for light. '*Tiena una candelita, Señora?*' 'No hay,' as I expected. But after much search, a small one, about the size of a string, was found, two-thirds wick only: it belonged to the padre, and I got it for a quartillo, three cents continental currency. A little naked Indian boy was converted into a candle-stick, and then what a ripping of seals and wafers! I have a remote suspicion that it was a scene for a painter, and I 'rayther guess' government despatches were never studied under more edifying circumstances than by that dim light, in that floorless and almost roofless Indian hut. I asked the man why he did n't stop the roof? 'Because,' he said, 'it was the dry season now; when it commenced to rain it would be time enough!' 'But bless me! how I have run on! And as I suppose you have mastered the 'coincidence,' I'll omit the rest of the adventure, for 'will it not be written in the *Book* that is to be?' Beside, am I not going to visit the city of Gotham when the strawberries ripen in June?—the thought of which—ah! oh! deary me! Talk of your tropics, and orange trees, and all that! Gammon! gammon!

'Meet me at DELMONICO's, July twelfth, half-past six o'clock, and meantime believe me,

Yours ever,

H. G. S.

'EL MINISTRO' kept his word. He was in Gotham at the time and place named. So was 'Old KNICK.' Also the dinner was good. Eke the wines. And our children play with the neighbors' children, just as they always used to do. We are an American citizen. This ked'ntry is a republic. And this page is filled out.

AN EBULLITION OF LOCAL PATRIOTISM.—The following ebullition of Fourth of July patriotism was despatched by a Philadelphia correspondent to a committee of his native town in far 'down-east,' who had invited him to be present on the occasion of celebrating the late 'Sabbath-day of Freedom.' It is worthy the columns of 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff':

'GENTLEMEN: Circumstances will prevent my arrival down-east in time to take part in the celebration of the great birth-day of our liberties which you propose getting up. I cannot, however, suffer this opportunity to pass, without defining my position on the many great questions of internal policy that agitate the enlightened community of Down-East. Born beneath its sunny but often fog-veiled skies, nourished upon its song-inspiring clam-banks, trained under the awful shadow of its learned pedagogues' chastising rod, cold, cold indeed must have grown my heart not to feel the deepest interest in the welfare of the land of steady habits, fair maidens and spruce-gum! Land of my boyhood's home! how gaily have I ranged among thy lumber-laden hills, thy potato-growing valleys, thy slow-meandering streams, and thy fog-bound sea-shore! How often has the music of thy jarring saw-mills floated upon the evening breeze, and formed my childhood's soothing lullaby! I have waded through thy labyrinths of unfathomable mud; I have been half smothered in thy clouds of moving dust; I have more than once been precipitated into thy tossing floods of mingled saw-dust and sluice-water. If after this I forget the land of my birth, may my pen become a lathe-edging and my ink turn to Schoodich mud!

'Let me imagine myself transported on Fancy's flitting wing, and seated on some time-honored rail-fence that overlooks the great metropolis of Lumberdom. I look around: I see innumerable saw-mills cutting with ceaseless clatter the great hemlocks of the forest, floated for many a mile between the muddy banks of Schoodich, from where its sparkling waters come dancing down their native hills, and like a maiden of sweet sixteen, seem ever on a frolic, till here, where they go moving by as stately and sedate as that same maiden, after the lapse of time, in a muslin cap, false curls, and a half-dozen little responsibilities. I see the strong-built ribs of ships now in process of construction, that shall one day mock the baffled winds, buffet the crested waves, and make the pathless ocean a highway to the world; I see your harbor defended by the painted port-holes and wooden guns of yon brig, that seems to frown destruction on every audacious intruder; I see your bay, whitened with the sails of a prosperous commerce; your streets, thronged with hurrying crowds engaged in the busy details of a thriving internal trade; Bog-Brook farmers marketing their unplanted crops of clams and flounders; Hardscrabble importers, purchasing pork by the pound and molasses by the bottle-full; and Bayleyville lumber-merchants exchanging a nag-load of 'nigger shingles' for a keg of New-England rum.

'Science and art, too, under the benignant smile of Liberty, have clustered their purple honors around the national standard, like a hop-vine around a bean-pole. On every hill I see perched your halls of science, where are dispensed the blessings of the rod alike to the sons of the proudest village store-keeper and the humblest clam and potato-digger. In the front-windows of our print-shops may be seen the high imaginings of our skilful artists embodied in all the colors of the rainbow, and sold in white-pine frames for only twenty-five cents! See too the soaring genius that counterfeits the human form divine, in the exquisite specimens of statuary wrought out in sugar-candy, and literally devoured in admiration by every young 'sucker' in our land!

'These, *these*, my countrymen, are the transcendent effects of that liberty fought for by our sires of 'Seventy-Six, defended ever since by the unflinching efforts of the unterrified democracy, and to-day most patriotically toasted in uncouted bumpers of small-beer and lemonade. Continue ever thus to honor it! Let the dawn of this day be ushered in with the frings of big guns; let the flag of freedom float from every liberty-pole in the land; ring your church-bells, beat your bass-drums, blow your horns; call together the young and rising generation, upon whom one day shall devolve the high destinies of Down-East; fill their budding minds with befitting ideas of the great ked'ntry they live in; stuff their pockets with gingerbread and India-crackers; call out the veteran militia, who have so bravely defended our frontiers ever since the famous Aroostook war; fire their gallant souls with the memory of past struggles; of whole days spent in trudging through the untried realities of Schoodich mud, filing around the ponderous pillars of the 'St. Croix Exchange,' (or in other words, the town hay-scales,) and parading in front of the office of 'The Bald-Eagle of Freedom,' while ever and anon fell some gallant comrade, under the influence of too much 'grape.' Remind them of those dark portentous times when the general muster was broken up by an unforeseen shower of rain, or when, their manly souls inspired to deeds of chivalry and war, they rushed pell-

mell through well-aimed volleys of blank-cartridges into the deadly maze of a sham-fight. Green goslings grow grey geese in peace and quietness on the fields that witnessed their valor, but the memory of their mighty deeds is recorded high on the rolls of fame, and in the laudatory columns of 'The Bald-Eagle of Freedom.'

'From the proud contemplation of the glorious struggles of the past, turn we to the smiling vista of the coming future. Let us contemplate some of the mighty projects which are on foot among us, and destined to work an entire revolution in our community. By the unpublished journal of proceedings of the last meeting of the 'Bog-Brook Sewing Society,' I learn, that just after the report of the committee on village gossip, it was unanimously voted that 'it became one of the objects of this society to distribute copies of Elder GRANT's last Thanksgiving Sermon to every destitute heathen, printed in capital letters, to facilitate its perusal to their benighted intellects.' Such a movement, I am convinced, must prove a moral rail-road on the highway of reform; and should its very worthy originators' fingers move half as glibly as their tongues, no one can doubt its final and complete success. By an extra number of the 'Bald-Eagle,' got out on the arrival of a gondola-load of rock-weed from 'The Devil's Head,' I see that 'The Baring and Bog-Brook Rail-Road' is fast progressing toward completion. Well may the Pacific Railway hide its diminished head behind the summits of the Rocky Mountains before this tremendous stride of internal improvement! Why, gentlemen, I contemplate the time (nothing in the price of lumber preventing) when every man in all Down-East shall keep a lumber-store on his own hook; when your matrons shall have nothing to do but go a-visiting and attend the Sewing Society; when your young men shall wear brass watch-chains and stand-up dickies, and devote their talents to elucidating the affairs of the nation in the village bar-room; when your maidens shall be brought up in all the polite accomplishments of working book-marks on perforated paper, playing 'pennyrial' tunes on the accordeon, and quoting the abstruse sayings and vivid imaginings of NED BUNTLINE. And now, gentlemen, to conclude, I give:

'THE HEALTH OF THE FAIR MAIDS OF DOWN-EAST: may their tongues never want for gossip, or their teeth for spruce-gum!'

A RARE PRESENT. — Seated at the hospitable board of our friend the Chief Engineer of this our noble Empire State, on the Fourth day of July 'last past,' we read to the assembled big and little people, our own included, the following epistle, illustrative of the 'first course.' It was dated far 'down east,' scarcely two days before:

'DEAR KNICK: I send you enclosed the SALMON of which I spoke. He was cradled in the icy waters of Lake Chesuncook, one of the most distant sources of the Penobscot, and passed six sunny summers there. Six times he descended from that lake to the sea; as many winters he passed off the sounding shores of Labrador; on his sixth ascent to his native waters he was ensnared. I might tell you of the cool depths of Chesuncook, where it was his custom to sleep of an afternoon; of the magnificent and endless forests and cliffs and mountains by which he was there surrounded; of the leaps he made every year up water-falls of at least fifteen feet sheer descent, and of all his 'travel's history.' I say I *might* tell you of all these things, but I shall not, because I consider such matters to be brought more properly before the New-York Historical Society than before a simple Justice of the Peace like yourself. Therefore, accept him as he is, and with him the best regards of your friend,

T. McG.'

'P. S. — The salmon is not 'enclosed' in this letter, as you might at first suppose, but in a wooden box, packed with ice, and directed to you at the publication-office of the KNICKERBOCKER.'

A twenty-eight pounder! — without a single slightest abrasion of his beautiful epidermis, from head to tail-fin, and certainly the most symmetrical, the most gracefully-shaped fish, we ever 'set eyes on;' lying as fresh, moreover, on his unmelted bed of clear Maine ice, secured by its surrounding saw-dust, as if he had that moment been taken from the clear waters of his native Chesuncook. And in this guise he accompanied us to Piermont, to celebrate our national holiday. Rich as was the feast of which he was but the precursor, he was not thrown into the back-ground; his character was a recurring theme of praise; and as we reclined lazily under the shade-trees after dinner, looking far off upon the majesty of river, mountain, and misty valley, we spoke of that FRIENDSHIP, of which he was the token, in terms of eloquence 'equalled by none, and excelled by few!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — CARLYLE'S '*Latter-Day Pamphlets*' seem to be 'doing up' his reputation very effectually. BLACKWOOD for June opens with a scathing criticism upon these pretentious papers, and pronounces, that while CARLYLE is denouncing shams and quackeries he is himself the greatest quack and sham of all. 'Can any living man,' asks the writer, 'point to a single practical passage in any of his later volumes; and if not, what is the real value of his writings? Is he not himself a 'Phantasm' of the species which he is pleased to denounce?' 'If CARLYLE fancies,' continues the reviewer, that his vocation is political, he ought to endeavor in the first place to think clearly, and, in the second, to amend his style. At present his thoughts are anything but clear. The primary duty of an author is to have a distinct understanding of the matter which he proposes to enunciate, for unless he can arrive at that, his words must necessarily be mystical and undefined. If men are to be taught at all, let the teaching be simple, and level to the common capacity; and let the teacher be thoroughly conversant with the whole particulars of the lesson. In MR. CARLYLE'S sentences and periods there is no touch nor sound of harmony. They are harsh, cramped, and often ungrammatical; totally devoid of all pretension to ease, delicacy, or grace. In short, we pass from the '*Latter-Day Pamphlets*' with the sincere conviction that the author as a politician is shallow and unsound, obscure and fantastic in his philosophy, and very much to be reprehended for his obstinate attempt to inculcate a bad style, and to deteriorate the simple beauty and pure significance of our language.' Thus far BLACKWOOD: hear now what the '*Puritan Recorder*' of Boston saith:

'It is getting to be 'latter-day' with THOMAS CARLYLE. He is near the bottom of his German beer-barrel; and now, as he tips it, there comes from the spigot only the ropy, acid, and muddy dregs from which all the strength and spirit have long been drawn off or evaporated. He is growing very stale. All his originality and wit-froth are gone; and there is little left but his jargon, his affectation, his barbarism, and his peevishness. Strange to say, his style of writing, which was detestable even in its best estate, and when put to its best uses, is still admired by some who have ceased to relish any thing else pertaining to this uncouth, disjointed, and ground-and-lofty-tumbling author. Nothing is easier than to scribble in his vein. Take a sample:

'Come now, O my THOMAS, thou doubtful doubter of doubts, thou flounder on the flats, miry and bilgy, of tideless torism. I have somewhat to shew thee. Look! What seest thou with those staring eyes of thine — those eyes so big and bullet-like, globed in such rolling and spheric speculation. It shall be told thee what thou seest. A car, a patent car, four-wheeled and many-sided, and springless. No two of the wheels are of the same size; any two may become the forward pair, though in no order prescript and irrevocable. It goeth fore-backwardly, hind-quarterly, and stern-foremost, and jolteth in many directions at once, and therefore hath no locomotion. Times and half a time it is topsy-turvy; and other whiles the sconeless traveller, therein insconced, knoweth not whether he is sitting on his head, kneeling on his heels, or standing on his elbows. Loud rumbleth and rough tumbleth this mystic and portentous car; and yet ever it stayeth where it listeth, and this no man knoweth — not even its inventor. And what sort of a car is that? Ho, ho, PETER and PAUL! Ha, ha, Mrs. GRUNDY and Dame PARTINGTON! (This means, 'Laugh reader!') Why, man, dost thou ignore this car? Dost thou not cognise this car? Why, man, it is thyself — it is CAR — LYLE!

This is a good imitation, but it is more intelligible than the original. Clear-minded men express themselves simply. 'I wish 'isters was good,' said a friend in this kind the other day, 'and I was hungry; but *they* ain't, and *I* ain't.' That's your style CARLYLE would have converted that remark into half a page; covering much bread with a little butter. . . . 'Your happy sympathy with children and children's ways,' writes an obliging correspondent, 'makes any little incident connected with the 'little people' I suppose pleasant enough in your eyes to meet the eyes of the many score readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. The other afternoon, as we walked out, just beyond the gate was a cluster of curly heads deep in the mystery of dirt-pies and the like, in a sandy bit of soil where there was not tenacity sufficient to keep up their pasties. One had

consequently fallen in, and the owner thereof was fashioning it into another shape. 'What's that?' we asked of the busy young mole. 'It's a coffin,' he said, laughing bashfully, as children generally do when somewhat embarrassed. Whereupon a young lady of about five years or so, stopped patting her pie on the instant, and putting back her flaxen ringlets, exclaimed: 'Aint you 'shamed, VINCENT!' 'What for?' we asked, in some surprise at the reproachful expression of the little thing. 'There's no harm in saying 'coffin' is there?' 'But he *laughed* when he said it!' she rejoined, looking up at us with childish gravity. . . . WE may be under a wrong impression concerning the selected lines sent us by a '*Lady of Philadelphia*,' but we think they appeared originally in BLACKWOOD's Magazine, more than twenty years ago. We recalled them from one of the cells of memory the moment we ran our eyes over them. Our fair correspondent we found had quoted wrongly in the second stanza, which now 'stands corrected:'

'Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'T is a vision of light and life and truth,
That flits across the brain:
And Love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

'But there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent, by far;
'T is a vision of blood of and woman's tears,
And the theme of that dream is WAR.
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

'Oh! there 's a dream of hoary age --
'T is a vision of Gold in store;
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
And counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in the glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid in that last dark bed
Where the wealth of the world is vain!

'And *is* it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought, in that long career, to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
Oh, yes; *there's* a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given
Hath bathed in a sea of living light --
And the theme of *that* dream is HEAVEN!'

'THE roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the floods are lifted up around us!' — literally 'around' us; for we are looking from the windows of our apartment, Number One Hundred and One, of *Cranston's Marine Pavilion, at Rockaway*. It is the corner room of the second story, and there is not a better in all this spacious mansion. From either window the eye takes in 'old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,' and as far as the sight can reach, roll up, in long and continuous lines upon the white and 'ribbed sea-sand,' the multitudinous waves. It is a glorious sight; and the breeze from the sea, that melts upon your forehead, like the invisible touch of some spirit-hand, seems the very breath of God. Those who this holy Sabbath morning are sitting under the arbor, by the sounding shore of the great deep before us, *must* in their hearts be praising HIM 'who made it, and whose hands prepared the dry land;' and so too *should* they, whose exultant voices come from the surf which is

every moment burying them in its yesty foam ; for it is HE who 'lifteth up the waves thereof' who is mindful of them, and has preserved them hitherto. Surely a psalm of thanksgiving must be in their hearts. What a little way we are from town, and yet what a difference between Rockaway and the metropolis ! No rank compound of pestilential airs here offend the nostril ; here is no fervent heat ; but instead, cool healthful breezes, redolent of the salt spray from the blue waves which they have been riding all the past night. The 'Pavilion' has undergone so many and so important improvements, that it is hardly recognizable by its old guests. The long piazzas, the offices, the renovated and beautified drawing and dining-rooms ; the trees and shrubbery, new and old ; the gay flaunting flowers on the court-yard lawn, all bespeak the enterprise, and more than all, the great good taste, of the proprietor. The 'Pavilion' is evidently a hobby with its old and popular host, and long may he live to ride it ! If it were not a work of utter supererogation, we might speak of the richness of his larder ; the abundance and quiet service of his table ; the watchfulness and silent assiduity with which the wants of his guests are anticipated and supplied ; but who that knows CRANSTON, needs to be told all this ? All that it is necessary to remind the town-reader is, that the 'Pavilion' has still room and eligible apartments for a few more guests ; that it is easily and pleasantly accessible from the metropolis ; and that stiffness, formality and pretension are not the concomitants of *this* watering-place, however much they may be of others. Indeed, we cannot well see how it could be possible for a forked biped, howsoever vain and pretentious, to put on airs before the majesty of the ocean ; and this we believe to be one reason, aside from their health-giving virtues, why sea-side resorts have become so popular. Reader, go thou to Rockaway ! . . . 'SOMEWHERE about here,' writes a southern correspondent, 'lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. 'Why you see,' he would say, 'I'll sign it after a while, but I do 'nt like to break right off at once ; it aint wholesome. The best way always is to git used to a thing by degrees you know.' 'Very well, old man,' his helpmate would rejoin, 'see now if you do n't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out.' Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a glorious frolic, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to come and help him out. 'Did n't I tell you so ?' said the good soul, showing her cap-frill over the edge of the parapet ; 'you 've got into a hole at last, and its only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned, you old dog you !' 'Well,' she continued after a pause, letting down the bucket, 'take hold.' And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. 'Look here,' he screamed in a fury at the last splash, 'you 're doing that on purpose — I *know* you are !' 'Well now, I *am*,' responded his 'old 'oman' tranquilly, while winding him up once more. 'Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees ? I'm 'fraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you would'nt find it wholesome !' The old fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to 'swear in,' wet as he was. 'For you see,' she added, very emphatically, 'if you ever fall into the well again, I'll *leave* you thar — I will !' . . . We have re-

ceived a brief pamphlet, which gives the reader a true conception of the character of the '*Rockland Cemetery*,' near Piermont, on the Hudson. It is published from the town-office of the cemetery, Number 252, Broadway, and we commend its perusal to our metropolitan readers, who are surely prepared to be interested in the important subject of intermural interments. The trustees of the Rockland Cemetery are duly organized as a corporation by the legislature of the state; the grounds are prepared; a handsome gate and porter's lodge have been erected; a spacious receiving-tomb has been constructed; more than ten miles of roads and avenues laid out and worked; and a goodly number of lots sold, graded, and enclosed with railings, or posts and chains. The price of lots and plats of lots has been fixed at a very low rate; the cemetery is cheaply accessible in an hour and a half, by the Piermont steamers or the Hudson River rail-road and ferry-boat; and associations or church-societies purchasing a number of plats at the same time are allowed a liberal discount. Materials for grading, etc., are easily obtainable in the neighborhood, together with ornamental shrubbery, evergreens, etc. From frequent observation, we can certify to the correctness of the following description of the situation of the cemetery-grounds:

'THE grounds, comprising about one hundred and fifty acres, are located at Piermont, about half a mile north of the Erie Rail-road, and about the same distance west of the Hudson river, on the western declivity of the Klaasland Hills, extending quite to their summit, presenting a boundless diversity of surface of hill and valley, of open plain and shady dell. A portion is open, undulating or level, interspersed with belts of primeval forest, embracing trees and shrubbery of every variety, both evergreen and deciduous. It would be difficult to name a tree whose *habitat* is north of the Delaware, which may not be found growing on these grounds, and no tract of land, of equal extent, can probably be found exhibiting a greater diversity of indigenous trees and shrubs. The views presented from different portions of the grounds, are of unrivalled beauty. To the westward extends a rich landscape of almost boundless extent, a succession of hills and valleys bounded in the distant prospect by the lofty hills of Western Jersey. To the south spreads the fertile valley of the Spark-hill, with its most beautiful scenery, embracing, among other objects of interest, the head quarters of WASHINGTON at a critical period of the Revolution, the building where Major ANDRE had his trial, and the field of his execution; in the distance the valleys of the Hackensack and Passaic, stretching away to Newark Bay and Staten Island. From the summit, the eye ranges over a large portion of Westchester and part of Putnam counties, extending to the hills of Connecticut, embracing a prospect of the Sound for more than twenty miles, with a view of some thirty miles of the course of the Hudson, and the picturesque scenery on its banks. No where has Nature been more lavish of her bounties in the adaptation of the place to the purposes to which it is now to be applied.'

We understand that Ex-Mayor HARPER has consented to act as President of the Board of Trustees, and that all feasible improvements of the grounds will be carried forward steadily and with despatch. We shall look to see them become a favorite resort from town. . . . HERE is a laughable anecdote of old Judge B——, of South-Carolina, for which we are indebted to an esteemed friend: 'The Judge was a great admirer of whiskey punch. I believe his father was of Phœnician descent, which may account for the weakness. One night on circuit, some scamps of lawyers, after the old gentleman was pretty oblivious, determined to play him a trick, and letting the innkeeper into the joke, wrapped a number of the latter's silver spoons in a handkerchief, and stowed them away in the Judge's trunk. The next morning, while the stage was leisurely wading through a stretch of sandy road, who should overtake them at full speed but the tavern-keeper, who with much apparent embarrassment, made his errand known. He informed the party that he had missed some spoons from his house, and as he intended making a thorough search, he was afraid some he suspected would not let him do so. But if he should say to them: 'You need n't be so particular now; I've just left Judge B. and Mr. So-and-so, and *they* did n't hinder me,' the rogues would n't have a word to say in excuse. 'Oh certainly, certainly!' cried every body, all except the Judge being in the joke; and down they all jumped, opened their trunks one after another, and shook the separate arti-

cles of clothing to show there was nothing in them. Presently it was the Judge's turn. 'Oh, to be sure!' said he, producing his keys. But the search among his properties was scarce begun, when to his tremendous amazement, out of a handkerchief dropped the landlord's spoons! Every one looked at the Judge. After a moment's reflection, he broke out with: 'Well now, boys, you see it's all owing to that miserable Scotch whiskey I drank last night. I know it's that made me steal these spoons.' They never enlightened the Judge, and he always firmly believed there was nothing like Scotch whiskey for weakening a man's sense of right, especially touching the appropriation of his neighbor's property. In fact it was said, whenever a prisoner charged with stealing was brought before him, he would gravely ask if he had n't been drinking Scotch whiskey lately; 'for if you have,' he would add, 'you'd better leave it off, I tell you: *I stole spoons once!*' . . . WHAT is the tendency, what *would* be the tendency, rather, of the continuous papers on '*The Unity of Nature?*' Judging from a passage toward the close of the opening article, we infer the assumption of an argument, which we do not hesitate to say, can never find a place in this Magazine. Will the writer please inform us what is his real 'drift,' and give us a personal reference in P —, where we have two correspondents already, and several subscribers. Meanwhile, let us repeat to our proposed contributor, as conveying our own impressions, these faintly-remembered lines from some English poet:

'If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no 'better world' beyond;
Oh! what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture then to die —
Oh! who would venture then to live?'

That dark, dark curtain, which can only once be lifted, would be a thousand fold more terrible to the imagination, were the inhabitants of the earth to sink into its bosom, and never 'vanish out of their deep sleep.' There is 'another and a better world!' . . . 'CAN you tell me,' asks a grave 'pundit,' 'why a conundrum that nobody can guess is like a ghost?' Shall I tell you now, or next month? 'Now, if you please.' 'Well, Sir, because sooner or later every body must give it up!' . . . '*There's a Good Time Coming,*' for the laughter-loving JOHN BROUGHAM is building a new theatrical establishment in Broadway. It needs but little prophetic skill to foretell what description of place it will be. We know no one more capable of 'doing things' than our friend JOHN. Educated as he has been in the best schools, dramatically and otherwise, he brings with him a perfect knowledge of all the acquirements of a liberal and experienced manager. Having a quick appreciation of talent, he will no doubt congregate around him persons of merit and responsibility, while his facility in producing quaint and amusing reflections of the passing events of the time, will give him a great advantage over his brother caterers. The location chosen is a most admirable one, being as nearly central as possible. The edifice is to be erected in the rear of the premises, next to the corner of Broome-street and Broadway, and we understand will have a noble corridor-entrance from Broadway. There are to be sundry novelties introduced, both in the audience and stage departments, which it would be premature to anticipate. All that can be promised is, that JOHN will have 'a place as is a place,' and he won't have 'any thing else.' . . . SYDNEY SMITH praises the DUKE OF BEDFORD's pigs, for the 'genius they display for obesity, and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound!' . . . THE '*Lines on a Sleeping Infant*'

bear evidence of having been prompted by the true feeling, the holy tenderness, of a mother's heart. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy:'

GENTLY bending, softly breaking, view a vision bright and fair,
Of a child in sleep reposing, curtained by its golden hair;
Circling round it, sweetly singing, angels guard this form of clay,
Inward whispering holy counsels, ere they wing their flight away.
Mark! its ear hath caught their meaning; round its lips there beams a smile,
Innocence and beauty's signet, all undimmed by worldly guile;
Passion's blight hath not yet fallen on this glowing, tender face;
Vain ambition, pride and folly, in this bosom find no place.
Free from earth's contaminations, the young heart may now proclaim,
With affection's pure devotion, 'FATHER! hallowed be thy name!' A. F. L.

Thus pleasantly discourseth a travelled Philadelphia friend, in a familiar, desultory epistle to the Editor: 'As for our good Philadelphia, it remaineth excessively sad and Philadelphian. Sadness, to be sure, hath its different shades and colors of meaning, as I will demonstrate, if you will allow me. There is, for example, the Neapolitan sadness, which is '*dolce far niente*;' and the Venetian, which is historico-romantic; and the Berlin, which is philosophic; and the Florentine, which is a compound of the Roman and Venetian, yet like unto neither. Then there is the Munich sadness, which is the æsthetic, or the Roman, with the addition of beer and pipes; the Heidelberg sadness, which is sauer-kraut; the Hamburg, which is jerked beef; and the Bolognian, which is sausages. There is the Ferrarese, which is the very darkness of desolation, where, if you called on 'the last man,' he would certainly be out. There, too, is the Parisian sadness, which is that of reaction and satiety; and the Viennese, which is æsthetico-pipeo-saltato (or danceo) musical. And the Bostonian, which is commercial literature; and the New-York, which is blague-commercial, with a dash of *feu d'enfer*; and the Philadelphian, which is peculiar in being without a peculiarity, which moveth silently, divineth unutterable things within itself, and behaveth decently; a very '*comme il faut*' sort of sadness.' . . . DICKENS' new enterprise, '*Household Words*,' is said already to have reached an enormous circulation in Great Britain. It certainly deserves its success, for it is conducted with marked talent and skill. It is effecting much, by quiet satire, toward the doing away of old metropolitan abuses; and we hope especially that the experience of 'Mr. BOVINGTON, of Long-Hornlets, Bucks,' may induce the abolition of a vast beast-market in the heart of London, if for no other reason than that so considerable an example of 'wisdom' may be followed in this metropolis; so that happily by and by there shall be no more cattle running loose in the streets, and the pestilential odors of slaughter-houses no longer exhale in our populous thoroughfares. In the last number of '*Household Words*' is an article upon '*The Begging Letter-Writers*' of London, which is in DICKENS' very best vein. A single passage will suffice as a 'sample:'

'I ought to know something of the Begging-Letter Writer. He has besieged my door at all hours of the day and night; he has fought my servant; he has lain in ambush for me, going out and coming in; he has followed me out of town into the country; he has appeared at provincial hotels, where I have been staying for only a few hours; he has written to me from immense distances, when I have been out of England. He has fallen sick; he has died, and been buried; he has come to life again, and again departed from this transitory scene; he has been his own son, his own mother, his own baby, his idiot brother, his uncle, his aunt, his aged grandfather. He has wanted a great coat, to go to India in; a pound, to set him up in life forever; a pair of boots, to take him to the coast of China; a hat, to get him into a permanent situation under Government. He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short of independence. He has had such openings at Liverpool — posts of great trust and confidence in merchants' houses, which nothing but seven-and-sixpence was wanting to him to secure — that I wonder he is not mayor of that flourishing town at the present moment. The natural phenomena of which he has been the victim, are of a most astounding nature. He has had two children, who have never grown up; who have never had anything to cover them at

night; who have been continually driving him mad, by asking in vain for food; who have never come out of fevers and measles (which, I suppose, has accounted for his fuming his letters with tobacco-smoke, as a disinfectant;) who have never changed in the least degree through fourteen long revolving years. As to his wife, what that suffering woman has undergone nobody knows. She has always been in an interesting situation through the same long period, and has never been confined yet. His devotion to her has been unceasing. He has never cared for himself; *he* could have perished—he would rather, in short—but was it not his Christian duty as a man, a husband, and a father, to write begging-letters when he looked at her?

‘He has been the sport of the strangest misfortunes. What his brother has done to him would have broken anybody else’s heart. His brother went into business with him, and ran away with the money; his brother got him to be security for an immense sum, and left him to pay it; his brother would have given him employment to the tune of hundreds a-year, if he would have consented to write letters on a Sunday; his brother enunciated principles incompatible with his religious views, and he could not (in consequence) permit his brother to provide for him. His landlord has never shown a spark of human feeling. When he put in that execution I don’t know, but he has never taken it out. The broker’s man has grown gray in possession. They will have to bury him some day.

‘He has been attached to every conceivable pursuit. He has been in the army, in the navy, in the church, in the law; connected with the press, the fine arts, public institutions, every description and grade of business. He has been brought up as a gentleman; he has been at every college in Oxford and Cambridge; he can quote Latin in his letters; he can tell you what SHAKESPEARE says about begging, better than you know it. It is to be observed, that in the midst of his affliction he always reads the newspapers; and rounds off his appeals with some allusion, that may be supposed to be in my way, to the popular subject of the hour.

‘His life presents a series of inconsistencies. Sometimes he has never written such a letter before. He blushes with shame. That is the first time; that shall be the last. Do n’t answer it, and let it be understood that then he will kill himself quietly. Sometimes (and more frequently) he *has* written a few such letters. Then he encloses the answers, with an intimation that they are of inestimable value to him, and a request that they may be carefully returned. He is fond of enclosing something—verses, letters, pawnbrokers’ duplicates, anything to necessitate an answer. He is very severe upon ‘the pampered minion of fortune,’ who refused him the half-sovereign referred to in the enclosure number two—but he knows me better.’

The whole article is in this sly vein, and the individual instances subsequently cited have all the admirable characteristics of this popular author’s personal descriptions. . . . GREATLY entertained to-night, sitting under the arbor on the shore at Rockaway, listening to the ever-sounding waves, and watching them as they broke from long lines of dark-green into tumbling masses of whitest foam—greatly entertained, at hearing a friend describe a ‘perky’ little man, whom he had met the day before in the stage-coach coming from Jamaica; ‘a snipy-looking, dapper little chap,’ he said, ‘who was getting out of town to get out of the shop. He was dressed in a very ‘natty’ style; his whiskers had been carefully curled and oiled; and the tie of his summer-cravat looked like the crimped edge of an old lady’s coffin-cap; so prim, so trim, so fixed to stay in that shape, around that neck, over that peacock-breast, as if forever. He was apparently much elated, for he was going to spend a few days at Rockaway. I next saw him walking, simpering, solitary and alone, along the noble piazza of the ‘Pavilion,’ pausing occasionally under cover of an intervening column to dust off his tight patent-leather boots with his pocket-kerchief; then I met him down here, his cravat in perfect preservation, and not a hair disturbed; and while the surf was rumbling, swashing, and crashing at our feet, he opened his mouth and spake, brushing his small-rimmed beaver meanwhile: ‘Fine view, Sir; sea pleasant; town hot; can you tell me, Sir,’ said he, in a pause of the mighty roar, and smiling den-tistically, ‘if I am not a little out?—ah, humph; that is, do n’t you think, Sir, that I’m a little in *edwawnse* of the season, Sir?’ He was disgusted already. Rockaway was not ‘a jam;’ there were no people like himself there; no birds of his feather for him to ‘cotton to.’ No wilting, withering non-entities, in white kid gloves, were there in crowds; and so, before the dinner-bell rang, he was away from Rockaway, posting back to the ‘dingy, dieving town.’ . . . It is surprising how much really good fugitive poetry has appeared anonymously in the newspapers of this country. Observe, for example, the ensuing stanzas. All that we know concerning them is, that they were written very many years ago for the ‘*Mobile Commercial Register*’

by a lady of Alabama, who sank under a load of accumulated sorrows a few days after they were composed :

'I said to SORROW's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

'I said to cold NEGLECT and SCORN,
Pass on, I heed you not!
You may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see,
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

'I said to FRIENDSHIP's menaced blow,
Strike deep—my heart shall bear!
Thou canst but add one bitter wo
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

'I said to DEATH's uplifted dart,
Aim sure—O why delay!
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey:
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant o'er the last dismay,
Wrapped in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away!'

'Pour on, I will endure!' conveys the first impression of these noble lines; but it is in no defiant spirit that the heart-wrung words are uttered. It is the deep conviction of the writer that 'there is another and a better world' which imparts to them their beauty, we had almost said sublimity. . . . A FRIEND in Pennsylvania, (who must remember his promise,) writes: 'I heard of a new Bible-reading, in a Sunday-school not long since, which somewhat amused me. One of the little urchins, after reading the admonition to love the LORD with all the 'heart, mind and strength,' etc., continued: 'This is a *first-rate* commandment, and the second is like unto it: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' The boy's version is not so bad, after all.' . . . A southern journal urges upon 'every man, woman, and child, south of MASON and DIXON's line not to be seen at any Northern watering-place.' The feeling which dictated such a suggestion is thus rebuked by the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal:

'ALL rational Americans, of any latitude, remark this feeling only to despise it. Every crowded steam-boat and rail-road car that now comes up from the South testifies very conclusively how such ravings are regarded beyond the Potomac. Our Southern brethren are as glad as ever to exchange their sultry skies and noxious airs for the cool, healthful breezes of the North; and we, it is to be trusted, are as ready as ever to receive them with courtesy, and kindness, and confidence. Our sentiments, our associations, and our sympathies, may not fully accord in every particular, but that matters little to liberal hearts and manly natures. 'Tis enough to know that we are the children of the same glorious country, and that in all the determining elements of character we are every whit worthy of each other's esteem and brotherly friendship. Political or religious sectaries may try to build up a partition wall between one portion of the country and the other, but it is all in vain. The elements of our social system are in constant motion, and their commingling tides and currents tend to assimilate and preserve the whole. Free intercourse and mutual acquaintance dissipate clannish prejudice, and abate sectional jealousies. They reveal the better traits of character, and impress upon us that it is *worth* that makes the man, and not geographical limits or peculiar institutions. The wonderful facility of intercommunication is one of the greatest blessings of our country, chiefly because it draws its different portions into closer neighborhood and acquaintance, and identifies its interests and its sympathies.'

This is 'well put;' and neither Northern nor Southern fanatics can gainsay its truth. . . . REVIVED a good many pleasant memories to-day, in a walk along the Croton aqueduct, to the charming 'Sunnyside' of GEOFFREY CRAYON. Along where we once so often walked on the same agreeable errand, there have lately sprung up two or three paper villages on bare ground; 'Deerman,' with its lots fenced in, like new and tenantless grave-yards, invites to speculation and 'independent fortunes' therefrom; all it requires at present to make it an eligible place for summer residence is a few trees and some houses. 'Abbottsford' is another village, of similar pretensions. There will soon be a house in it, and in the course of several years, if not sooner, there will be trees in it, of a considerable size, with more or *less* shade from the branches thereof. We found farmers mowing the aqueduct in several places where it runs through meadows; mowing its steep slopes to the very top. 'Old

KNICK.' went down the grassy declivity, and asked permission of a farmer, a 'noble-man of nature,' to mow a little. The favor was readily granted. With the memory of a recent achievement in the same kind freshly in mind, the jotter-down hereof addressed himself to his pleasurable task; first whetting off the scythe, 'from heel to p'int,' after the approved manner of that preparatory exercise, and then straddling forth to the mowing. After a few vigorous cuts with the scythe, we became aware of some doubt in the mind of the gentleman whose instrument we were, as we fancied, very dexterously wielding. His first words mortified us. We were doing our best. We looked for encouragement; we may say, indeed, that we fully expected applause, for we bethought us of our recent triumph over stubborn incredulity in the neighborhood of WASHINGTON's head-quarters, in the Tappaan valley. Judge then what must have been our surprise to hear these words, uttered in a tone which was scarcely less ungrateful than the language which conveyed the 'expression of the idea by articulate sounds: 'You do n't know nothin' about mowin'!' We thought we must have misconceived the observation, and said: 'Is n't that cut close?' 'You do n't know nothin' about mowin'!' was now repeated, in language too plain to be misunderstood; 'sart'in, you cut *clust* enough; *too* clust, if any thing; in *our* style o' mowin', in these parts, we do n't generally care to slice the stones off like a cow-cumber. *You* can't mow. Fust place, you stand too fur off. You'd break your back in an hour, *that* way o' mowin'. You do n't come up to your work; why do n't you come up to your work? Come up to our *work*! — 'marry, come up!' We went out of that meadow, after these uncalled-for remarks, with a very indifferent opinion of the style of mowing in that neighborhood. We did n't comment unkindly upon *their* style of mowing, although it was essentially different from ours; then why should they so flippantly criticise ours? We did our best, in our *manner*. We left the rows of sweet-scented hay-cocks, the loaded hay-wagons, the horses switching their tails and munching the new-cut grass, with a feeling of sincere regret that mere envy of so simple a thing as that of a superior style of cutting grass with a scythe should be permitted to embitter the thoughts of the two husbandmen, who, for some reason or other, we fancied to be sneeringly jocose between themselves as we came away. We inferred so, 'from a remark they made.' 'Guess he *thought* he could mow — he *seemed* to!' Still, we may have done them injustice. We had many delightful things to remember, as we came away from Sunnyside, by the dusty and noisy Hudson River Rail-road, the next morning; a protracted sitting, with our host, and other the like agreeable persons, with much memorable discourse; a pleasant sleep in the 'spare room' for a spare man, interrupted only by a visit, in the 'dead waste and middle of the night,' from the ghost of the lady who 'died of love and green apples' in the old VAN TASSEL mansion, etc.; but our pleasant feminiscentences were interrupted, and our feelings 'hurt,' by the slighting remarks of those Tarrytown farmers. Agriculture can never reach any great perfection, we fear, along the line of the Croton aqueduct, between DOBB'S Ferry and 'Sunnyside Cottage.' The farmers are too conceited — too much wedded to old observances. . . . 'We country doctors,' writes a friend, 'have to be dentists as well as druggists. Our saddle-bags are our shops, and the turnkey a daily weapon. A few days ago a hearty young woman called, with another like her, and asked me to pull a tooth, which with much reluctance I did, and with less reluctance took the usual fee of twenty-five cents. Her companion, pleased with the operation, said she had a tooth that sometimes ached, and she would like to have it out now. I told her she had

better wait till it ached again; but she said *no*; she *would* have it pulled; and so I took it out. She promised to call soon and bring the pay, as she did not expect to have her tooth drawn when she came, and she was not prepared with the 'quarter.' So, a day or two after, she called and offered me half a dollar; but fortunately I had no change, and she said it made no difference, for I could just take it out in pulling another tooth, which she knew would ache, and she would a great deal rather have them pulled before they had a chance to ache. So I took out another, and made the change!' Was n't that girl a philosopheress, and would n't she make a capital martyr? . . . READER, when you see advertised in the daily journals the sale by Messrs. BANGS AND PLATT, in Broadway, of *Bohn's Standard Library of the best English and Foreign Authors*, go you straight to their auction-rooms and purchase such of them as you may desire. The collection is rich, and the editions are of the very best. Beautifully printed, on fine linen paper, tastefully bound, in many instances luxuriously illustrated; embracing elegant ancient and modern classics in literature, and standard works in biography, history, etc., they will be found to be a treasure to every lover of good reading. There is one work, 'LONGE's Portraits,' in eight volumes, which is richly worth twice the small sum asked for it. The engravings are of the very highest order of excellence. Indeed the entire series is eminently attractive; and we feel that we are doing a signal service to the reading public in calling attention to it. . . . THE lines entitled '*Life hath Four Seasons*' commence very well, but they rather 'flat out' toward and after the middle. These two opening stanzas, however, are lively and felicitous:

'THOUGH the May of my life is fast stealing away,
And a flower or two has been late extirpated,
Yet why should I grieve in my soft summer day,
And fretfully sigh to be regenerated?
No, no; it is better my ear to deny,
Than listen to cynical, snivelling stories,
And gather such flowers as bloom in July,
Than go about weeping for May's morning glories.

'As a boy amid boys I have frolicked and toyed
And sported and shouted and schemed with the rest of 'em;
And now since those days have been fully enjoyed,
Egad! why at last I'm a *man* with the rest of 'em!
Then a sun of success and a cloud of despair
Divided my time into mere equinoxes;
But now in life's theatre stop me who dare
From taking my seat at my ease in the boxes?'

'I WILL send you soon,' says an obliging friend, 'a nut that I think is worth cracking, even at your 'Table,' where never yet was found a shrivelled kernel, or a draught of lees.' Ah, dear Sir, all tastes are not alike; and we feel always, when reading the proof-sheets of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, that there are 'many men of many minds' before whom our unpremeditated prattle will come with more or less acceptance; that one will 'p'shaw!' at this, while another may smile at that; that what has made *us* laugh may have no such effect upon the risibles of another; and that what brought the water to our own eyes may perhaps seem mawkish to many a reader. But there is *one* thing to which we shall always be indifferent; and that is, the censure or disapprobation of those who eschew *The Common*. Why, bless your heart, 'the common' constitutes more than half the true poetry of life. It is a common thing which we are doing now, for instance — an every-day thing, in fact; sitting this summer morning with Lady KNICK. on the back-piazza, overhung with grape-vines, impervious to the light less from their broad leaves than the thick-clus-

tering bunches of the luscious 'Isabella' which profusely overrun the wire-trellis, even beyond the tops of the third-story windows; looking at the two peach-trees bending to the ground with their autumn-promise; eye-selecting from a goodly variety the flower which shall adorn the button-hole when we go down town; reading the while the morning 'Tribune' or 'Courier' daily journals, before breakfast, with a tame dove looking over our shoulder, cooing and 'speculating'; the least of the 'wee folk' toddling with her nurse along the flower-borders below, answering the morning salutations of her little brother and sisters from the piazza; now all this is sufficiently common, 'Gracious knows;' but it is n't without its interest to *us*, 'any how,' if 't is 'common.' . . . THE lines on 'Niagara,' beginning

'TREMENDOUS torrent! in whose awful roar
Nature's voice is heard from out thy dark abyss,'

will hardly pass muster; 'leastways, we can't print 'em.' . . . 'AN acute arithmetician has calculated that if all the tobacco consumed in Great-Britain in one year had been worked into 'pig-tail' half an inch thick, it would have formed a line ninety-nine thousand four hundred and seventy miles long; enough to girdle the world nearly four times!' This reminds us of the pseudo-political economist, who from a close calculation ascertained that there was 'a pair and a half of average breeches' to every man, woman and child in London; and who proposed the saving and warehousing of all the skewers used by the metropolitan butchers and meat-purveyors, which, it had been demonstrated, would in five years effect a saving to the realm of sufficient timber to construct a national vessel of war, to be called 'The Royal Skewer,' which should 'carry terror to the hearts of England's foes!' . . . 'The Poet's Heart' will scarcely do. The last verse might arrest attention, as being less forced, less 'made-up,' than its predecessors:

. 'THEN let each sorrow to thy soul
Be as a chastening rod,
That when the angels come to take
Thy yearning soul to God,
Thou may'st review thy path on earth,
Nor wish it were untrod:
When all thy songs to man are given,
Thy lyre in death unstrung,
To recollect each one in Heaven,
Nor would it were unsung.'

This is well expressed, and is in strong contrast with the previous lines, suggesting that the poet should seek

——— 'the bright, the beautiful, the true,
Before—about—behind.'

and other the like platitudes, and shows that the writer has not done himself justice. . . . An entertaining Philadelphia correspondent mentions a good retort which he once made upon an acquaintance whose wont it was to go around the city 'sherry-cobblersing' of a summer morning, and who in winter was often for a week at a time in a 'state of whiskeypunchiness:' 'He was once very angry with me: I said to him one morning: 'I'm going to 'make a raise' soon, and as you are to be the means, for civility's sake I'll tell you about it, though it's not essential.' 'Well,' growled my friend, 'how is it?' 'Why I intend getting your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then making you a present of fifty dollars' worth of whiskey! You'll drink yourself to death in six weeks!' You never saw a 'madder' man.' Apropos of intemperance: if the town-reader would see a vivid representation of the gradually progressive steps of this great vice, and parent of many vices, let them visit BARNUM'S.

new and beautiful theatre, and witness the popular drama now being enacted there. . . . Our excellent friend HOSMER accompanied his lines on 'The Black-Bird' with the following characteristic remarks: 'The blackbird's cheerful whistle stealing through the open casement suggested the foregoing. Does not my unpretending rhyme, Old KNICK., recall the wild pranks and gleeful shouts of boyhood? Is not a spell associated with the common bird to which I have paid an indifferent tribute, that causes you to exclaim, in the language of the lamented dead,

'On the wings of remembrance my soul is away!'

There is a chord in my heart that always vibrates to the music of your brother's verse. It was rich in local and rural imagery, (e. g. his 'October,' 'Song of May,' etc.) It caught a pensive and elegiac note from the wail of autumn or pitiless blast of winter; a wild, sweet warble from the bland airs of spring-time, and a delicious flow from the murmuring summer wind. I know that a clique in the commonwealth of letters require transcendental stimulants from a crazy muse; but *I* like poetry, to use another's language, 'that has the smell of the heather; the very rustle of the crimson heath-bell in the gale.' . . . FLETCHER, in his 'Travels in the East,' remembers hearing on one occasion that a Frank was asked by some pasha whether Europeans put rings in the noses of their women, to which the reply was, greatly to his excellency's astonishment: 'No, but we sometimes insert them in the snouts of our pigs!' . . . THERE is something very touching to us in the lines '*My Christian Name.*' Who is their author, or where they come from, we know not:

'My Christian name — my Christian name,
I never hear it now:
None have the right to utter it;
'Tis lost — I know not how:
My worldly name the world speaks loud;
Thank God for well-earned fame!
But silence sits at my cold hearth —
I have no household name.

'My Christian name — my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound:
My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:
Mother! whose accents made most sweet
What else I held in shame,
Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven
My poor, lost Christian name?

'I had a dream for years. One voice
Might breathe this homely word
As love breathes: I had swooned with joy
Had I my name thus heard;
O dumb, dumb lips! O crushed, crushed heart!
O grief, past pride, past shame!
To die — to die; and never hear
Thee speak my Christian name!

'God send thee bliss! God send me rest!
If thou with footsteps calm
Shouldst trace my bleeding feet, God make
To thee each blood-drop balm:
Peace to these pangs! Mother! put forth
Thine elder, holier claim:
And the first word I hear in heaven
May be my Christian name!'

'Ah, but you have n't heard that the trustees of Grace-Church are building a chapel for the poor, where you can go every Sunday and hear preaching for nothing.' This was said to a negro-barber by a pompous New-Yorker, whom he held at the time by the nose. 'Oh, *that's* it, is it?' replied CUFFEE; 'it's a *poor* church, is it? Then I s'pose they'll have a poor God there, a poor SAVIOUR, and a poor heaven; praps a poor hell!' There was n't any thing more said on either side. It is dangerous to talk much while you are being shaved. You may get out. . . . VIEUXTEMPS (pronounced by some people, when the great violinist was in this country, '*Vewx Temps*,' but by those who 'knew how,' 'Voo TAWM,') has been giving concerts at *Breslau*. How NAPOLEON rises to the memory at the mention of that word! Yes, Sir-r-r; and yesterday, hurrying up Hudson-street to dinner, what do you suppose it was that arrested our quick footsteps? An organ-grinder, with *fantoccini* performing on a platform (that was neither Saybrook nor Buffalo) before him. NAPOLEON was there; and his troops were defiling before him; and as he sat his horse like a centaur, he

would ever and anon raise his field-glass to his eye, and survey his legions, and their movements on the battle-field. The whole artistical effect was centred in the 'Emperor of the French;' and he was what his country and his own valor had made him — 'himself alone.' . . . 'EN PENSHONG,' as Mr. WAGSTAFF would say, writes a new contributor, 'I saw, in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, some anecdotes of a preacher, which reminded me of a like character 'way down-east,' in the state of Maine. On one occasion he was endeavoring to give his congregation a specific idea of the magnitude of NOAH's ark. He proceeded to tell them how many animals went in thereat, beginning with the smallest kind, and going up through the various gradations of size to the elephant; then raising his voice to the highest pitch, he exclaimed: 'Yes, my hearers, and the gra-a-eat wha-a-a-les went in, bless the LORD! and there was room enough for all on 'em! On another occasion he took his text from Revelations, sixth chapter and fifth verse: 'And I beheld, and lo! a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand.' Unhappily, in reading the text, he mistook balances for 'bellowses,' and went on to describe what kind of bellowses they were. 'These bellowses,' said he, 'was n't the bellowses that the housewife blows the fire with; n'ther was they like them which the blacksmith uses; but they was *God Almighty's grea-a-a-t eta-a-arnal bellowses, that he blows sinners into hell with!*' This is *strictly true*: and if any one of your readers shall doubt its entire authenticity, refer him to me. My name and address accompany this notelet.' . . . 'PERCIVAL,' writes a New-Haven correspondent, 'has been in our midst for many years. He is *with* us, but not of us. His extreme sensitiveness unfits him for active life. Locked up in his room, at the State Hospital, he wears out his existence in doing nothing that the world knows of; occasionally breaking out of his den to wander through the country on foot, engrossed in geological researches, or lost in poetic revery. He composes only to destroy his compositions; and thus the world loses his bright thoughts. I recollect many years ago hearing of one, and perhaps the sole appearance, of PERCIVAL in open society. A female relative of mine had PERCIVAL for a private tutor, soon after he graduated at Yale. After many fruitless attempts, she prevailed upon him to attend a party, given in honor of her birth-day. The poet came, and hat in hand, stalked into the reception-room. The brilliant and crowded rooms brought back all the bashfulness which he had previously overcome. He stood for a moment, his huge gazelle-eyes rolling rapidly over the company, until he trembled in every nerve. At last, marshalling all his remaining courage, he gave one desperate leap through the window, and 'coat-tails streaming in the air,' he bade farewell to those scenes of festive mirth, never to return.' . . . NOTHING that has ever appeared in this country excels in beauty the *Illustrated Edition of Longfellow's 'Evangeline'*, now in the course of publication by MESSRS. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston. The engravings are of the highest order of merit, both in design and execution, and they are in rich profusion. Altogether, in paper, printing, and illustrations, it is one of the most beautiful books we ever encountered. . . HERE is a felicitous passage from a quaint old English author: 'Woman was not drawn from the head of man, that she should be ruled by him; she was not drawn from beneath his feet, that she should be trampled upon by him; but she was drawn from his side, that she should be ever near him; from under his arm, that she should be protected by him; and nearest his heart, that she should be the object of his affection.' . . . '*Six Months in the Gold Mines*' is the title of a very entertaining journal of a three years' residence in Upper and Lower California. The author is E. GOULD BUFFUM, Esq.,

lieutenant of the first regiment of New-York volunteers. The work is written in an easy, natural style, and abounds in picturesque incident. MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, are the publishers. . . . If Prof. GRANT's theory is true, we wish it might please PROVIDENCE to let the niggers' tails grow out again and send 'em back among the monkeys. They've kept congress hard at work at nothing for nearly six months. . . . THE following anecdote is related in a foreign journal. A medical student of Berlin lately fell deeply in love with the daughter of the lady at whose house he lodged; his passion was warmly returned, and the lovers swore eternal fidelity and entered into a promise to marry. But there was an insurmountable barrier to their union, in the fact of the lady being a protestant Christian, and the gentleman a Jew; and both professed themselves no less attached to their respective faith than to each other. Business called the youth to Breslau; and when he had been there a few days, he received a letter from his mistress couched in the following terms:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: The difficulties which have so long stood in the way of our marriage have at length been put an end to, and by the intervention of your good angel, as you have so often called your faithful MINNA, who yesterday became a Jewess.'

Scarcely had this letter been despatched, when its writer received one from her lover, dated Breslau, and to the following effect:

'MY DEAR MINNA: The obstacle which presented itself to our union, in the unfortunate difference in our religious faiths, no longer exists, and I shall hasten to complete our mutual felicity. I yesterday became a Christian!'

WHEN we mentioned in these pages the alledged existence, in one of the West-India islands, of a species of insect which took root and was the nucleus of a plant, there were many who did n't quite believe it. But read the following from the Saint Paul's (Minnesota) Chronicle: 'A friend left at our office a few days since, what may be considered, so far as our knowledge extends, a production peculiar to Minnesota. It was a grub-worm, apparently of the ordinary species, from the head of which had sprouted a plant some three inches in length. Both animal and vegetable life had become extinct, when we first saw it, though vitality clearly existed in each when taken out of the ground. We understand this species of production is not uncommon in the vicinity of Point Douglass, where this was found. The weeds springing from the head of the worm grow to the height of two or three feet, the legs of the insect meantime extending themselves into the earth in the shape of roots. Animal life remains apparent until the vegetable shoot above ground is killed by a change of season, but whether a crop of grubs is produced in the way of seeds, we are not advised. What can't we raise in Minnesota?' . . . THE following admirable anecdote is from a recent volume by the late SYDNEY SMITH:

'I HAVE said a great deal about prospect and landscape: I will mention an action or two, which appear to me to convey as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever. A London merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was in the country with a friend happened to mention that he intended the next year to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. Upon his arrival in London he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and never thought of them afterward.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other?' and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?' 'Why, at the time I put them into the drawer I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours, and upon reopening the drawer I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.'

'Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau ideal* in morals, and gives that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world.'